Vol. CXLI. No. 1830.

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THE BYSTANDER January 11, 1939

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THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger, Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success has Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30.

MARCO MILLIONS.—A doubtful piece of O'Neill satire (first performance in England), with Griffith Jones and Robert Harris: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Gay and full-blooded production by Guthrie, dances by de Valois, décor by Messel, strong Vic-Wells cast: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklin Dyall, Rosalind Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—Basil Sydney and Margaretta Scott lead in a gripping historical play about Saint Thomas More: Duke of York's, 8.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Peggy Ashcroft as Viola, Michael Redgrave as Aguecheek, Esmond Knight as Orsino, William Devlin as Antonio: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Hilliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 11—January 17

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 114.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Moira Albery, by Loris Rey

Moira Albery is the daughter of Bronson Albery, the theatre owner; Loris Rey is a young sculptor whose bust of Miss Albery is included in his show at the Matthiesen Gallery. Sculptor and model were married last week at the Chelsea register office

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum ("Christmas Rocket": 2.30, 6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

Seasonable Specials

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.—Rowena Sanders, aged thirteen, plays Alice in Nancy Price's production: Playhouse, 2.30 only.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Fay Compton as boy, G. S. Melvin as dame, in Tom Arnold's panto: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Roger Parker leads in Rica Bromley Taylor's perennial: Duke of York's, 2.30.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—Richard Goolden as Lord Babs in this hoary farce: Haymarket, 2.30 and 8.30.

CHILDREN'S THEATRE.—Jean Sterling Mackinlay's matinees: Rudolf Steiner Hall, Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

KRONE'S CIRCUS.—Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, 2.45, 7.45. Sats., 2.30., 6, 8.45.

LET'S PRETEND.—A children's Christmas revue mixing fantasy, burlesque and sentiment with Steve Geray and Magda Kun: St. James', 2.30 and 8

MILLS' CIRCUS.—Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

PETER PAN.—Seymour Hicks as Hook, Jean Forbes-Robertson as Peter: Palladium, 2.30.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

RED RIDING HOOD.—Nelson Keys, Polly Ward, Patricia Burke, George Jackley, and big cast in this panto: Covent Garden, 2 and 7.30.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver. Savoy, 2.30. (Last 4 days.)

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's perennial Christmas play: Holborn Empire, 2.15 only.

CINEMAS

BALLET OF THE GIANTS (American).—Claire Trevor in this: Warner.

CHERI-BIBI (French).—Under this misleading title is a tough story of convicts on Devil's Island, headed by Pierre Fresnay: Berkeley.

THE CITADEL (American).—Prize-winning film of Cronin's novel has Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell as the doctor and his wife: Empire.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (American).—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a straightforward boy-meets-girl story: Gaumont.

ENTRÉE DES ARTISTES (French).—A talented and lovely film set against the background of the Conservatoire; Jouvet, Odette Joyeux, Janine Darcey: Curzon.

FOUR'S A CROWD (American).—The crowd is Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Rosalind Russell and Patrick Knowles: Carlton.

THE GREAT WALTZ (American).—Hollywood scenery and a European cast—Luise Rainer, Milizà Korjus and Fernand Gravey—in a mighty Viennese spectacle round Johann Strauss: His Majesty's Theatre.

I AM THE LAW (American).—Edward G. Robinson is the star: Regal.

IF I WERE KING (American).—Ronald Colman as Villon, Basil Rathbone as the real king, in the story of the medieval poet: Marble Arch Pavilion.

KATIA (French).—An attempt by Paris to go Hollywood has produced a pretentious historical film relieved by the acting of John Loder and Danielle Darrieux: Academy.

LÉGIONS D'HONNEUR (French).—Marie Bell, Charles Vanel, Pierre Renoir in a prize-film about a desert love: Studio One.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (American).—Tyrone Power, Norma Shearer, Robert Morley in a vast historical pageant of revolution: Dominion.

MY LUCKY STAR (American).—A tangled romance for Sonja Henie, with ice always in the background: New Gallery.

THAT CERTAIN AGE (American).—Deanna Durbin, Jackie Cooper are the youngsters, Melvyn Douglas the grown-up, in an adolescent's story: Leicester Square.

TRADE WINDS (American).—A travel film, with Joan Bennett, Fredric March, and a bogus plot stuck in as foreground: London Pavilion.

THE YOUNG IN HEART (American).—A gay comedy with a moral has Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard in it: Odeon.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAÇADE, HANSEL AND GRETEL.—To-day, 11th, 2.30.
DON CARLOS.—To-night, 11th, 7.45.
BARABAU, SYLPHIDES, CHECKMATE.—Thurs., 12th, 8.30.
FAUST, with ballet.—Fri., 13th, 8.
FAÇADE, HANSEL AND GRETEL.—Sat., 14th, 2.30.
MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Sat., 14th, 8.
THE VALKYRIE.—Tues., 17th, 8.

MUSIC

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Bruno Walter conducts the orchestra in Mozart's 40th Symphony and the orchestra, choral society and four soloists in Mozart's Requiem Mass: Queen's Hall, to-night, 11th, 8.15.

ELENA GERHARDT.—A Hugo Wolf recital: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 14th, 3.

SCHNABEL.—A Schubert recital in the London Theatre concert series: Cambridge Theatre, Sunday, 15th, 8.30.

L.S.O.—Stanley Chapple conducts, Cortot is soloist, in a Cherubini, Franck, Ravel, Beethoven programme: Queen's Hall, Mon., 16th, 8.15.

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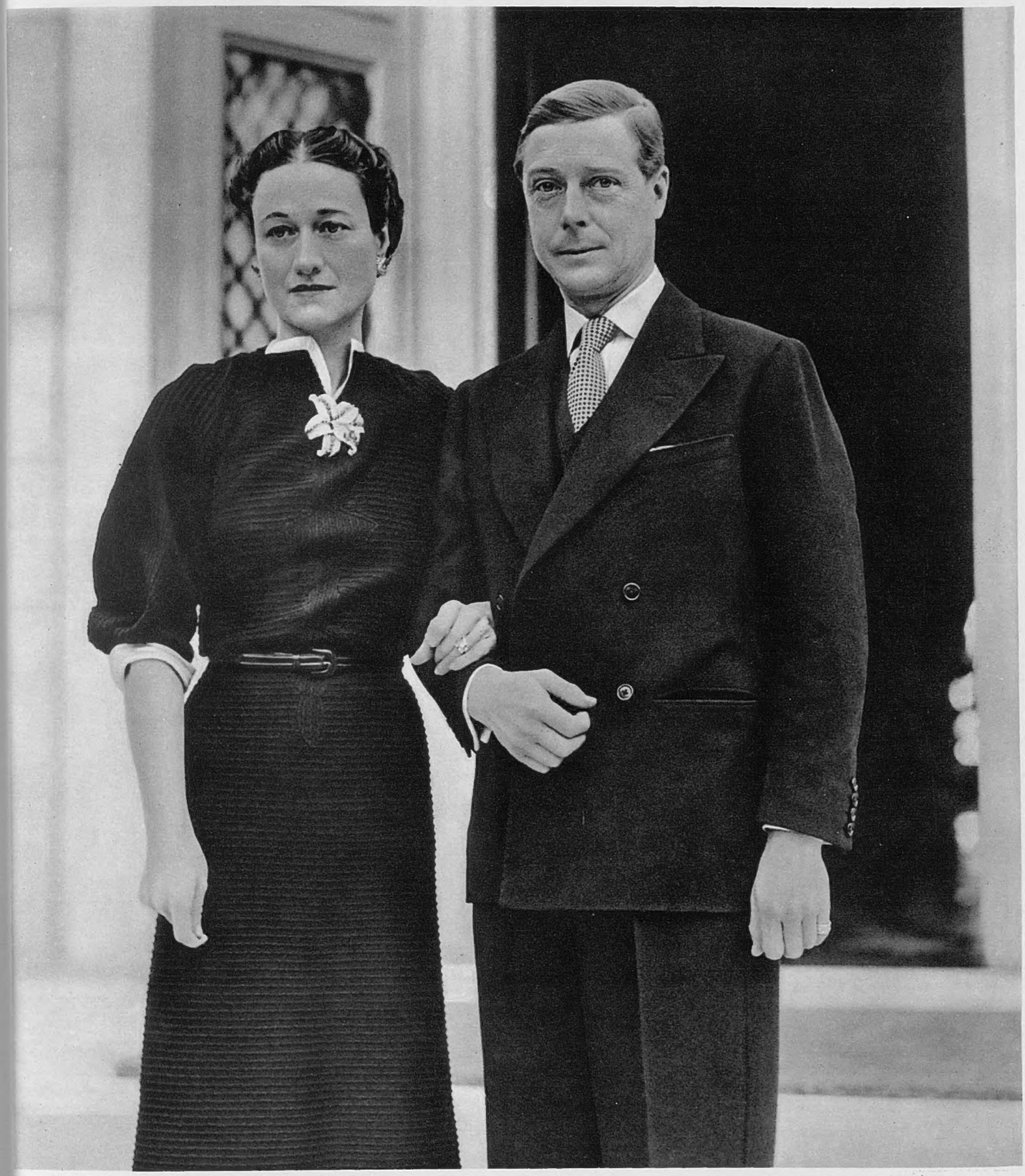


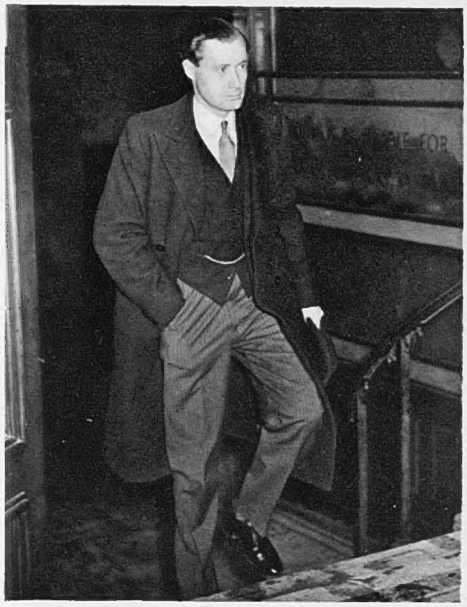
A New Year Picture: the Duke and Duchess of Windsor

The most distinguished of the Riviera's New Year visitors (others on page 43) were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. They were photographed for 1939 outside their new villa, Château la Croë, Cap d'Antibes, she in her favourite black and white, with a pearl orchid and earrings to match. Rumours that the Duke might come to London on the strength of reports about Queen Mary's health were denied by him; he admitted only that he and the Duchess were to return to their Paris house in the Boulevard Souchet this month. While in the Midi, H.R.H. has been golfing on the Mandelieu course, and had several rounds there last week with Archie Compston, his old coach

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell



Mr. Duncan Sandys, *the Conservative Member for Norwood who focused the limelight of the recent official secrets case, was in the chair at the Caxton Hall meeting to launch the new "Centre" political party, on which Mr. Macdonell has a note here*

Mr. Randolph Churchill, *Duncan Sandys' brother-in-law, was another member of the nucleus of the "Centre" party, and handed round enrolment forms. The Duchess of Atholl also addressed the meeting. A second assembly of the new party was billed for to-night*

INFINITELY the most important event of the week has been President Roosevelt's message to Congress. The President is a very brave man. Isolationism is still strong in the United States, especially in the Mississippi Valley and in the West, and it is only three years ago that the Neutrality Act was made law. During the Abyssinian trouble the President said: "The United States and the rest of the Americas can play but one role: through a well-ordered neutrality to do nought to encourage the contest." Now, within those short three years, the President is asking Congress to build up tremendous armaments and to revise the Neutrality Act itself. Whether the American people are ready for such a change of policy is not yet certain, but it is significant that the President feels himself strong enough to put the issue fairly and squarely before them.

GERMANY is entirely within her rights in building additional submarines. The Anglo-German Naval Treaty contained a clause by which Germany could build up to parity in submarines if "special circumstances" arose. And Germany was left to judge what "special circumstances" might mean. It was rather like the rule in golf by which the player alone is judge whether or not his ball is unplayable.

A.R.P. continues to be in the limelight because of its comparative non-existence. The splinter-proof steel houses are the latest bone of contention. The idea is to put them up outside houses so that the citizenry can nip into them when required. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, who is the real expert on A.R.P., points out that in the event of bombardment probably the houses will fall on the shelters, and then where will the citizenry be? The answer is: Still in the shelters, and likely to remain there for quite a while. In the meantime, the Defence Minister, Sir John Anderson, is having a nice time in Switzerland, where he is skating about and being photographed quite a lot.

INCIDENTALLY, many thousands of A.R.P. volunteers who have completed their training are getting extremely bored. There is nothing for them to do, and nobody tells them anything, and there is no material for them to practise on. In consequence, they are drifting away from the centres in a state of disillusionment and ennui. As for the price of timber, steel and cement for making underground shelters, they are steadily on the up-grade, and no action has yet been taken against profiteering.

ANYONE who is interested in the defence of the country as handled by the National Government should read without delay Captain Liddell Hart's article in the January issue of the *Contemporary Review*. Captain Liddell Hart is always devastating in criticism because he never uses superlatives. He simply takes the facts and presents them coldly and quietly. The inefficiency in the mobilisation and equipment of the anti-aircraft defences during the crisis has to be read to be believed. It is a quite incredible story. Jealousy, short-sightedness and stupidity were the three main inspirations of the high authorities. Captain Liddell Hart returns at the end of his article to the vital importance of the struggle in Spain to the British Empire. More will be heard of this article when Parliament reassembles.

A NEW group of politicians was formally launched at the Caxton Hall the other day. From all accounts it was an amazing meeting. It was supposed to be in secret, and yet the doors were open and people streamed in and out just as they liked, with or without invitation-cards. The Press was there, which also seems a bit odd for a secret meeting, and the proceedings, I am told, at times were almost farcical. Mr. Duncan Sandys, Mr. Winston Churchill's son-in-law, was in the chair, and a dramatic gesture from Mr. Randolph Churchill would have caused great enthusiasm if the meeting had not by that time been so busy talking to each other that hardly anyone

Arrival: *Dr. Edith Summerskill, by-elected as a Socialist for West Fulham last year, arrived in New York on the Normandie. She is making a lecture tour to appeal for support in establishing "children's cities" in Spain*

Departure: *Lord Marley, Labour peer and ex-Chief Labour Whip, left St. Pancras for South Africa with Lady Marley. They are to tour the Union, where the Jewish percentage is high, to appeal for refugee aid funds*

noticed him. In fact, the whole thing seems to have been very like Sir W. S. Gilbert's famous—

> Party leaders you might meet
> In twos and threes in every street
> Maintaining with no little heat
> Their various opinions.

THE results of the Films Act are now coming to light, and they are precisely what everyone predicted at the time the Bill was being discussed. When Anglo-American trade was being reviewed from the broadest possible angle, Hollywood finance suddenly chipped into the game and practically forced the hand of the President of the Board of Trade. In order to get his broad trade agreement, he was prepared to make sacrifices, and one of the sacrifices he made was the British film trade. During the last year more than a quarter of a million new cinema seats in 200 new cinemas became available in Great Britain, but the production of British films fell by about two-thirds. The American interests and the controllers of the big circuits have been handed the British film trade on a plate.

BY the time this appears in print, Tom Mooney, of whom I have often written in these pages, will almost certainly be free after twenty-two years in prison. When Mooney was convicted of being concerned in the San Francisco bombing outrage in 1916, there were only two witnesses against him, of whom one recanted in 1921 and the other was prosecuted for perjury. Everybody has known for at least seventeen years that Mooney was innocent, but nothing was done to free him. He was a "Red," and that was enough. It is one of the classic miscarriages of justice.

THE secretary of the Detection Society, which appears to be a body of ladies and gentlemen who write detective novels, is in a great rage with Mr. Howard Spring. Mr. Spring, the eminent literary critic of the *Standard*, reviewed a detective novel the other day and "gave away" the identity of the murderer and the method by which he did his stuff. The gallant secretary shouts indignantly that to give away every secret of the detective novel can scarcely be called legitimate criticism, and adds: "This is so well established a rule of the game that it hardly needs to be pointed out." Speaking as a professional reviewer, my sympathies are entirely with Mr. Spring. What right has this secretary to tell us the rules of what he is pleased to call our "game"? He and his Society would be in a pretty state if chaps like Mr. Spring and myself said "Okay, baby. We won't review any of your books." Oddly enough, chaps like Mr. Spring and I feel from time to time that there is the public to be considered as well as authors and secretaries of weird societies.

AT a club in St. James's Square a few days ago I listened to a party of "old-timers" wondering who was the funniest music-hall comedian they had ever seen. The great names of the past—Little Tich, Marie Lloyd, Harry Weldon, Wilkie Bard, Harry Champion, Charles Coborn, and a host of others—rolled off their lips. But, in the end, they came to a unanimous decision that the funniest they had ever seen was Mr. George Robey. I, some years their junior, respectfully concurred with the verdict, and I take this opportunity of wishing the great man a speedy recovery from his accident.

HOLLYWOOD has declared war on Rome. The Italian Film Monopoly decree has gone into effect, by which every foreign film entering Italy automatically becomes Italian property. Hollywood's reply is to withdraw all prints of American pictures from Italy and to refuse to send any more. This is going to give the Italian cinema-goer a good deal of spare time, for he does not like his own films very much and, in any case, there are not enough of them to go round.

ANOTHER superb statement on fox-hunting has come to my notice, and I hasten to pass it on without comment. A gentleman has written in a public sheet: "I hold that fox-hunting with the slight suffering involved is more than compensated for by the greater love I have for horses, hounds and animals generally, foxes included. We are all part of one another."

HARRY HUTCHENS—great professional sprinter of fifty and sixty years ago—has died at the age of eighty. No one will ever know how great he really was, because there was no one of his day to give him a race. He was yards and yards ahead of all his contemporaries. And, of course, they had no idea of scientific training. It is recorded of Hutchens that on one occasion he ate a hearty luncheon of roast beef and boiled potatoes and then within an hour twice ran 300 yards in 30 seconds.

AN extraordinarily interesting book has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson. It is a life of Marmaduke Pickthall, that strange Englishman who became a Mahommedan and learnt Arabic perfectly and lived for many years in the East. Although he was passionately pro-Turkish and hated Britain's Eastern policy during the war and detested Lawrence's pan-Arab ideas, nevertheless he gallantly and loyally served as a private in the British Army, and even rose to the rank of corporal. It is a book worth reading.

"May I have the honour?" *Two pupils of the R.A. of Dancing demonstrated, under Phyllis Bedells' guidance, this demi-caractère pas de deux during the Ling Association's 40th New Year holiday course at St. Paul's Girls' School, Hammersmith*

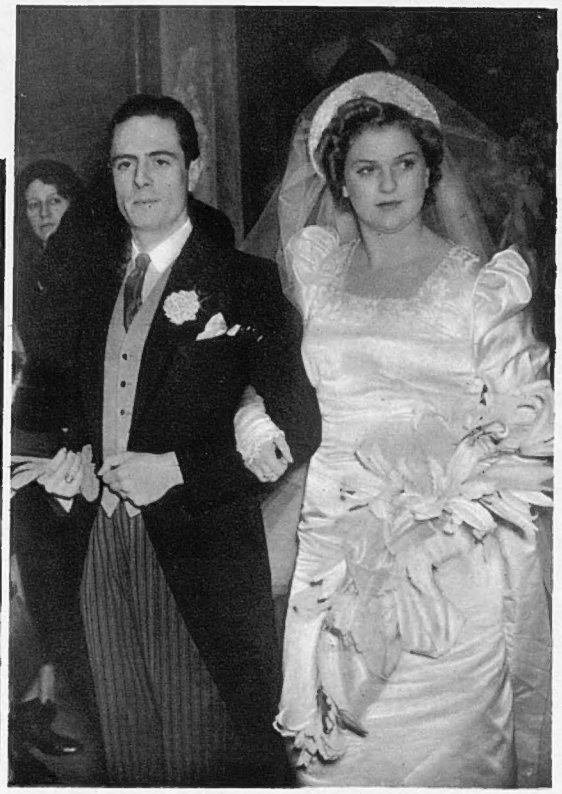
"Very pleased to meet you!" *A young courtier at the Lord Mayor's fancy-dress party at the Mansion House last week bowed low before his Rt. Hon. host, Sir Frank Bowater, denying in deed that the Court was ever stiff-necked towards the municipality*

Social Register

FOUR WEDDINGS

Mr. Chance and Miss Graevenitz

Peter Kenneth Chance is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Chance, of Radford Manor House, Leamington Spa. Marjorie Elizabeth Graevenitz is the daughter of Baron and Baroness Peter Graevenitz, of the Wolds, Virginia Water. They were married at Christ Church, Virginia Water



Comte du Trévou and Miss Wills

Comte Maurice Retout du Trévou and seventeen-year-old Elaine April Wills were married at the Church of Our Lady, Soho Square. She is the daughter of Captain Cecil Wills, of the tobacco family, and a writer of detective novels. He is the eldest son of the Marquis Retout du Trévou de Breiffeillac, and is twenty-nine

Miss Blades and Captain Russell

Captain the Hon. Guy Russell, R.N., and the Hon. Elizabeth Blades announced their engagement last week. He is the second son of the late Lord Ampthill, and the Dowager Lady Ampthill, of 55, Chester Square. She is the younger twin daughter of Lord and Lady Ebbisham, of 41, Upper Brook Street, W.1

Mr. Brian Franks and Miss Zoe Quilter

Brian Morton Forster Franks and Zoe Gwynedd Quilter were married at St. Clement Danes, Strand, and have gone to the Riviera for their honeymoon. He is the only son of the late Lieut.-Col. George D. Franks, 19th Hussars, and the late Lady Elles. She is the second daughter of Sir Cuthbert and the Hon. Lady Quilter, of Methersgate Hall, Woodbridge, and 28, South Street, W.1. Her younger sister, Sonia, is marrying Patrick Pole-Carew, Coldstream Guards, next week

Mr. Hore-Ruthven and Miss Fletcher

The Hon. Alexander Hardinge Patrick Hore-Ruthven, Rifle Brigade, and Pamela Margaret Fletcher, second daughter of the Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Fletcher, of 87, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, were married by her father in the Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. He is the son of Lord Gowrie, V.C., Governor-General of Australia, and Lady Gowrie. Lord Ranfurly, who was best man, is being married himself next week to Hermione Llewellyn

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Godefroi and Mr. Kenworthy

The Hon. David Kenworthy is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Strabolgi, of 137, Cromwell Road. His fiancée, Denise Godefroi, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Godefroi, of St. James's Palace, S.W.1. His father, then Commander Kenworthy, represented Hull from 1919 to 1931 as Liberal and then Labour M.P. Her father is a Clerk in the Lord Chamberlain's office

CHRISTENING

Peter Roderic Jervis Crawfurd and His Parents

Right: Mr. Charles and Lady Irene Crawfurd's son was christened at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with five godfathers and five godmothers. Lady Irene Crawfurd is Lord and Lady Camden's elder daughter, and married Mr. Crawfurd, her third husband, in 1937

RIVIERA NEW YEAR

Family Party

Terence Weldon and his brother, Sir Anthony Weldon, had the lovely Mme. Lopes between them in a New Year's Eve gala party at Monte Carlo's Hotel de Paris

Host and Hostess

Prince and Princess Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge had a big New Year party at the Sporting Club, and were, as usual, about the best-looking couple in the room

COUNTRY LIFE

Hunting with the Cottesmore

The Hon. Roland Cubitt was out with the Cottesmore when they met at Tilton Station, and so were his two sons, Jeremy John and Henry, aged eleven and fourteen. His daughter Rosalind, who will be eighteen this year, went to the meet. Their home is in Hampshire

Duck-shooting at Blenheim Palace

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's party had a wet, cold day for their duck-shooting. Waiting in this group on the terrace are Major Rex Benson, the hostess, the host, without a waterproof, Mr. G. Koch de Gooreynd, and Lord Porchester, Lord Carnarvon's son and heir, who will be fifteen next week

Holiday News Reel

AROSA

The Lord Privy Seal Skated

Sir John Anderson, Lord Privy Seal and Defence Minister, chose ideal conditions at Arosa for his winter sports holiday. At home, conditions were not so ideal, politically or meteorologically: last week's frost did not freeze the stagnant water in A.R.P. trenches sufficiently for skating

YORKSHIRE

The Prime Minister Shot

Mr. Chamberlain shot pheasants, first at Lord Swinton's home at Masham, Yorks., then at Lord Iveagh's home at Elveden, with Cabinet support at the latter from Sir Samuel Hoare. At the former, the above group was taken: Mrs. Chamberlain, Lord Swinton, Lord Bolton, Mr. Chamberlain and Lady Swinton

ST. MORITZ

Snow Bike

As a rest for the leg muscles, but no rest for skill or nerve, we recommend a ski-bicycle. On two runners, with steering, front and back brakes, it should be a great addition to the three "S's": skating, ski-ing, sleighing. The rider here is Mrs. Joseph Mackle

Snow Pair

The two ski-ers are their Illustrious Highnesses Count and Countess Toerring, come over the Arlberg to the Engadine from their Bavarian home. Countess Toerring is the Duchess of Kent's elder sister; Count Toerring is a member of one of high Germany's oldest families: the first Lord of Toerring flourished in 1100

Snow Lovely

Diana Napier posed obligingly and smilingly in St. Moritz for the camera, while her husband, Richard Tauber, was singing in Zurich, seventy miles away. Later, they have to leave for an American tour

Monte Carlo

At the Hotel Metropole

Monte Carlo celebrated New Year's Eve in the manner of the rest of the world—by eating, drinking, dancing, blowing things and throwing things. In the cockscomb hat is Captain Edward Christie, about to throw something is Lady Plender, about to blow something is Mr. Malcolm Hubbard

At the Hotel de Paris

The trio above are Mme. Beck, Colonel Joseph Beck, and a Polish Cabinet colleague, M. Loubinski — the last anticipating Colonel Beck's New Year visit to Berchtesgaden by a half-hearted salute

Elisabeth Bergner sat at a Hotel de Paris table with Sir Stewart and Lady Duke-Elder on New Year's Eve (right). She is due back to make a personal appearance at the Plaza premiere next week of her new film, "Stolen Life," which will be in aid of refugee funds

In the Artists' Colony of Nice

Robert Nichols, poet, is talking to "Aunty" outside her pottery shop in the main square of Vence, the artists' colony of Nice. "Aunty" is Mrs. Crotch

On the right are Mrs. Norman Holden and Mr. Fritz Kreisler. The violinist was guest of honour at a large party given at the Sporting Club by Mr. Edward Robson, chairman of Pinchin, Johnson and Co.

On the left are Alice Nikitina, Mr. Davidoff and Lady Mappin, guests at the Hotel de Paris of Mr. Sidney Beer, the conductor. Nikitina recently forsook ballet for opera, making her debut in Palermo as Gilda ("Rigoletto")

Snow Girls: Six of them in Switzerland

Lady Elizabeth Isaacs *is at Klosters with her mother, Lady Reading. She is Lord and Lady Reading's younger daughter, and will be eighteen this year*

Princess Olga of Hesse *is at St. Moritz with her mother, Princess Christian of Hesse. She had an enormous party given for her seventeenth birthday by Captain W. Beddington-Behrens on the terrace of Corviglia Club*

The Crown Princess of Kapurthala *has been taking her first ski-ing steps at St. Moritz cautiously, but not very seriously, since she wears a fur coat and no gloves*

Miss Audrey Warren Pearl *had just got to the top of the Corviglia funicular queue and was all ready to step into the train. The St. Moritz crowd is so terrific that ski-runs have been controlled, and experts and novices are not allowed to mix*

Miss Christian Grant *was waiting for a train back from St. Moritz to Pontresina, where she is staying with her brother and sister-in-law, Sir Arthur and Lady Grant of Monymusk. She is a debutante of this year*

Miss Malitta Mara, *the American actress, is another of the St. Moritz decorations, and sat on a luge for her photograph with her dog solemn and foolish in sun-spectacles. His name is Frisco*

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 104

Gerald Cock

GERALD COCK, O.C. television at Alexandra Palace, is quite sure that his late father (who was a Q.C.) wouldn't have approved of his present job. For none of his relatives ever had anything to do with the entertainment world. Born at Betchworth, in Surrey, he went to Tonbridge, and from there to Seafield Park, on the Solent, where he studied engineering in company with Tommy Sopwith. His father had wanted him to be a barrister, but Gerald couldn't face the long wait for briefs. So he went for three years to the Westinghouse people, now Metro-Vickers. Whereupon he came into a bit of money, had a wild year in the West End, and then suddenly packed up and got out. Having interests in Utah, he went to the United States and learnt all about life from the very tough miners at Bingham. Here he did a spot of prospecting and mining among a certain amount of shooting-up and other rough stuff. Then the wanderlust got him again, and he made his way to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which, in those days, had all the atmosphere of a Spanish-American town. (There were no studios there at all, though the Polyscope and Byoscope people were starting up a few miles out.) Gerald thereupon bought a ranch in the middle of Hollywood, and actually rolled in the hay on Sunset Boulevard. Goodness knows what it would be worth to-day; but, after a year of watching his oranges ripen and his cattle browsing and his potatoes sprouting, he sold it for a small profit and went down to Mexico—real Bret Harte country in those days. Here he shot mountain goat in Lower California, wore tall boots, was shot at, saw men murdered within a yard of him, was stabbed himself, and then joined the Giant Powder Company in California, rising to works manager. This technical job prevented him from joining the Army until 1915, but his knowledge of big blasting jobs made him ultimately invaluable, and, within a month of his return to this country, he was a sapper at Loos with an R.E. tunnelling company. So don't talk to him about Quichie brickstacks or Coldstream Lane.

AT the Armistice he had the sweet job of picking up delayed-action mines, which had a nasty habit of going off. Yes, they kept him on until he had made a complete tour of the English, French and Italian fronts, blowing up tanks from one end of the line to the other, and it wasn't until the end of 1919 that he was demobilised. Thereupon he took another look at engineering, but the slump of 1921 discouraged him, and he did a number of odd jobs until he started his own film-producing company in 1923. (He is too coy to tell you its name, and finding the film world too hot for him, he chucked.) Then one day, in 1924, Philip Martineau showed him a wireless receiving set at Maidenhead, and lent him a pair of headphones to listen to *The Magic Flute* coming from Covent Garden. That was the inspiration of his present career. For when, soon afterwards, Cecil Lewis and Cecil Dixon took him along to the B.B.C. he at once accepted the offer of a job, and thus started outside broadcasting. That was July, 1925. Whereat his senior immediately went on holiday, so he had to start from scratch with one secretary, Miss Clark (now married). After that he was responsible for all the actuality broadcasts until the Jubilee of May 6, 1935, when he was transferred to television. Fortunately, he knows enough about engineering to understand technical points quickly, but not enough to be bullied by academic problems. To-day he considers television the greatest thing that has happened to civilisation during the last five hundred years. He lives in Ryder Street; likes going into the real country for walks; has played most games unsuccessfully; is devoted to riding and is pretty useful at it. But the great thing about him is, as you see, that he had had a very wide experience of the world before he came to the B.B.C. It's a pity that there are not more like him in Portland Place.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

The fool talks, the wise man listens: Marco (Griffith Jones) and Chu-Yin (George Howe)

Kukachin and Kublai: Catherine Lacey and Robert Harris

Travellers: Stephen Murray and Max Adrian

"Marco Millions" (Westminster)

HAVING agreed enthusiastically that *Mourning Becomes Electra*, playgoers are now invited to the Westminster to assent to the satirical proposition that Money-making Becomes Marco. For money was the mainspring of the junior Signor Polo's Oriental expeditions, and though the name he has left behind him is that of a great traveller, Mr. Eugene O'Neill is no doubt right in presenting him as a great commercial traveller first and foremost. The object, however, of this play is less to take Marco Polo down a peg or two and to show him in his true light than, through him, to satirise the cheap materialism of the American Business Man, who is such an easy target when directly assailed that it is difficult to see the point of this roundabout, if obvious, method of approach. The block-headed vulgarities of the West are strongly contrasted with the metaphysical refinements of the East when Marco, greedy for gain, comes face to face with the great Kublai Khan after a journey (through Persia, India and Mongolia to Cathay) that is, unfortunately, as bald on the stage as are Marco's own unimaginative memoirs. Mr. O'Neill does not strike enough sparks to make his narrative really illuminating.

Nevertheless, and especially towards the end of the evening, Mr. O'Neill will, if you keep your ears pricked up, be heard to utter a few fine things. There are two love-stories interwoven with the commercial theme. One is the story of the plump little Venetian who waited faithfully for Marco to come home and thoroughly relished the fleshpots he then with indulgent pomp provided. The other is the story of the Great Khan's granddaughter, who, though her deepest devotion was to her grandfather, as his to her, fell in love with Marco, was convoyed by him to a marriage of royal convenience and then pined away to death. It is in the scene in which the news of this death reaches the aged Khan that Mr. O'Neill is best worth listening to. "The old," says the sage who counsels the Khan, "should cherish sorrow"—which may be true, and is most certainly beautiful. And there is an anguish worthy of King Lear in the Khan's reply: "Do not wound me with wisdom."

MR. GRIFFITH JONES was not a very good choice for the part of Marco, seeming a little too experienced for the scenes of early youth, and not experienced enough after the fifteen years' interval of hard travel and bargaining. The part never settles into him. He seems always to be acting. Mr. Robert Harris as the Great Khan achieves and maintains an uninteresting dignity. The most effective performances come from Miss Catherine Lacey, whose Princess is as clear and fragile as glass; from Mr. Max Adrian as Marco's lively and crafty uncle; and from Mr. George Howe as the sage. "If anyone tells me again," a young lady once said to me, "what a good actor George Howe is, I shall scream." As a matter of fact, she didn't.

Photographs by Anthony

Robert Helpmann as Oberon

The Jealous and the Proud

In Shakespeare's Fairyland at the Old Vic

A Midsummer Night's Dream in Tyrone Guthrie's magically lovely production was revived for four weeks at the Old Vic this Christmas, and has ten days more to run. The enchanted Athenian wood has the same darkly glittering Oberon as last year in Robert Helpmann, a proud and graceful ruler of this Shakespearean fairyland, with both music and poetry in his speaking. Dorothy Hyson is a new Titania, plays the part for the first time, and in fact makes her professional Shakespeare debut. And Bottom and Puck are also new to the production and new to their parts: Edward Chapman a happily thick-witted Weaver, and John Mills full of a darting relish in Puck's mischief and mockery

Dorothy Hyson as Titania

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE essential and ultimate expression of Bohemianism being, as everyone Bohemian knows, to tear off all your clothes and dance, it 's not surprising that the incident of the Lady With the Trousers at Chelsea Arts Ball is still perturbing the Bohemian world, as we discover. She turned up shortly after midnight in a tableau representing the Goddess Astarte. She was an artist's model and she wore just a thin pair of trousers. " This is the first time," said an astounded official of the Ball to one of the Press boys, " this has ever happened," and a chap who was there tells us she certainly struck a bizarre note, like the lady dancing the Dance of the Seven Veils at Runcorn Casino who ended in only two mackintoshes and a Harris tweed golfing suit. In our degraded view Astarte had been reading about the Quat'z-Arts, where nudes are so boringly frequent that you might—as many of the art boys fretfully complain—be back in the Life School, and her truly British compromise was an effort to inject a little devilry Montparnassian into our annual stockbrokers' carnival. Well, she failed. The stern and even ethical theme of the Ball was Physical Fitness, no occasion for wanton interludes by feather-headed flybynights.

Incidentally, the organisers missed their supreme opportunity, as you might expect. There was no tableau of huge, feeble, wan, and ailing Fitness Girls drawn round in bath-chairs amid howls of mirth ; yet only a week before the Ball it was announced that two of Britain's most eminent fitness exponents were unable to address Keep Fit meetings because they were in bed with colds. We at once tried to discover how many of those enormous muscly girls with ferocious pans who terrified the citizenry by marching in the last Lord Mayor's Show were also crouching under the blankets, having their daily exercises done for them by friends, relatives, or hired serfs, but no figures were available. Another thing we 're curious about is those portentous Indian clubs used in the fitness racket. These, a spy tells us, are papier mâché and often full of chocolates.

" If you must use scent, Miss Martin, don't you think Lily of the Valley would be more helpful to trade than Nuits d'Amour ? "

Bombe Surprise

A PRETTY rumpus that extraordinary Professor Hobbs of Michigan caused the other day by alleging that James Weddell, R.N., the Antarctic explorer, never penetrated the Weddell Sea at all a hundred years ago, because it is stiff with ice and unnavigable ; which was tantamount to accusing an Englishman of telling a lie. Naturally his charge has been rebutted with dignified calm, and such is our native good form that few of our authorities even mentioned, by way of riposte, the North Pole fantasies of the Professor's countryman, the great explorer Cook, a playboy if ever there was one. At the same time this incident must inevitably remind the thoughtful that it 's been difficult to check up on explorers from Sir John Mandeville's day to ours. They suffer such discomforts and look so filthy in their beards that they naturally want to make their exploits look as interesting and important to the public as possible. In some extreme cases, such as Mandeville's and (in a lesser sphere) George Borrow's, they do this by lying, but we don't doubt that the majority are strictly honest, if dull. And their temptations are great. Nobody in Great Britain knows anything about geography to begin with (the French know even less), and even to-day there are vast undiscovered tracts about the world which you could fill with hippogriffs and centaurs without fear of contradiction, if anybody cared. Only the archives of the Royal Geographical Society could reveal how many times this has been tried.

When it is tried on the R.G.S., a chap tells us, a ballot is taken, and if the majority thinks it a bit too steep the explorer is directed to return his topee or snowshoes to store and is switched, by arrangement, into the publicity racket, where he generally does pretty well, being at heart a poet, like all those boys.

Vale

VINE STREET Police Station, which for so many generations has echoed to the cultured yells of the well-connected drunk, may be sold by auction next summer, we observe ; which will mean the disappearance of another bit of Victorian London, interesting in a raffish way. The destruction of the old Empire and its promenade probably gave Vine Street a mortal blow, socially speaking. There 's no cachet involved in being chucked out of one of those monster cinemas, which are rather like gaudy prisons themselves, and even in the remoter outposts of the Raj you hear no boasting of such feats when the sahibs gather at evening with their knobbly sunburnt knees, we 're told. When all the Vine Street trade is finally transferred to Savile Row there may be a momentary social renaissance, but it won't last, we dare aver. Bottle-parties have changed London a great deal. However many over-the-eight a sahib may be, they chuck

him out very reluctantly in most cases, and only as a last desperate resort, for while he 's there he 's spending money, there are no regulations in that happy world except their own, and it would be highly foolish to kick the golden goose in the rump while a single egg remains unlaid. (Besides which, in some places, they have to wait and endure patiently till the patient passes into a final coma for the staff to collect their due.)

Vine Street, and Piccadilly Place leading to it, is a little, cosy, self-contained world of its own. When bailed or released the penitent can still dart across to the wineshop on the opposite corner to the Can, half a dozen yards away, and restore his tissues with a cheerful glass, thence plunging into the oyster-bar next door. At the corner he can buy himself a new fifty-bob suit. A few yards further, across the road, and he is in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, meditating on his folly, and on emerging he can begin again at half-a-dozen places on either hand. He 'll find no such amenities in Savile Row, and what is more, the tailors—who greatly resent having a Jug in their bosom—will scowl at him very horribly over their blinds.

Rap

Our old buddy the Speculative Builder has come in for not a few cracks on the nozzle since the recent Arctic wave, we notice. Architects and other sober citizens have been writing bitterly to the papers saying the widespread damage caused by burst pipes is almost entirely the fault of the S.B.'s shoddy workmanship ; also to the folly of the dumb populace, who are so dazzled by his flashy fittings that they don't care about properly insulated tanks and pipes. One or two letters spoke highly, and truly, of the Plumber, a craftsman whose society we never cherish (as we should) till we 're in a mess, and who still unjustly suffers from that dull joke, probably invented by *Punch* in the 1860's, about his always forgetting his implements. There 's only been one funny version of this joke in British Art, incidentally : a wordless drawing, we forget by whom, showing a plumber followed by an elephant.

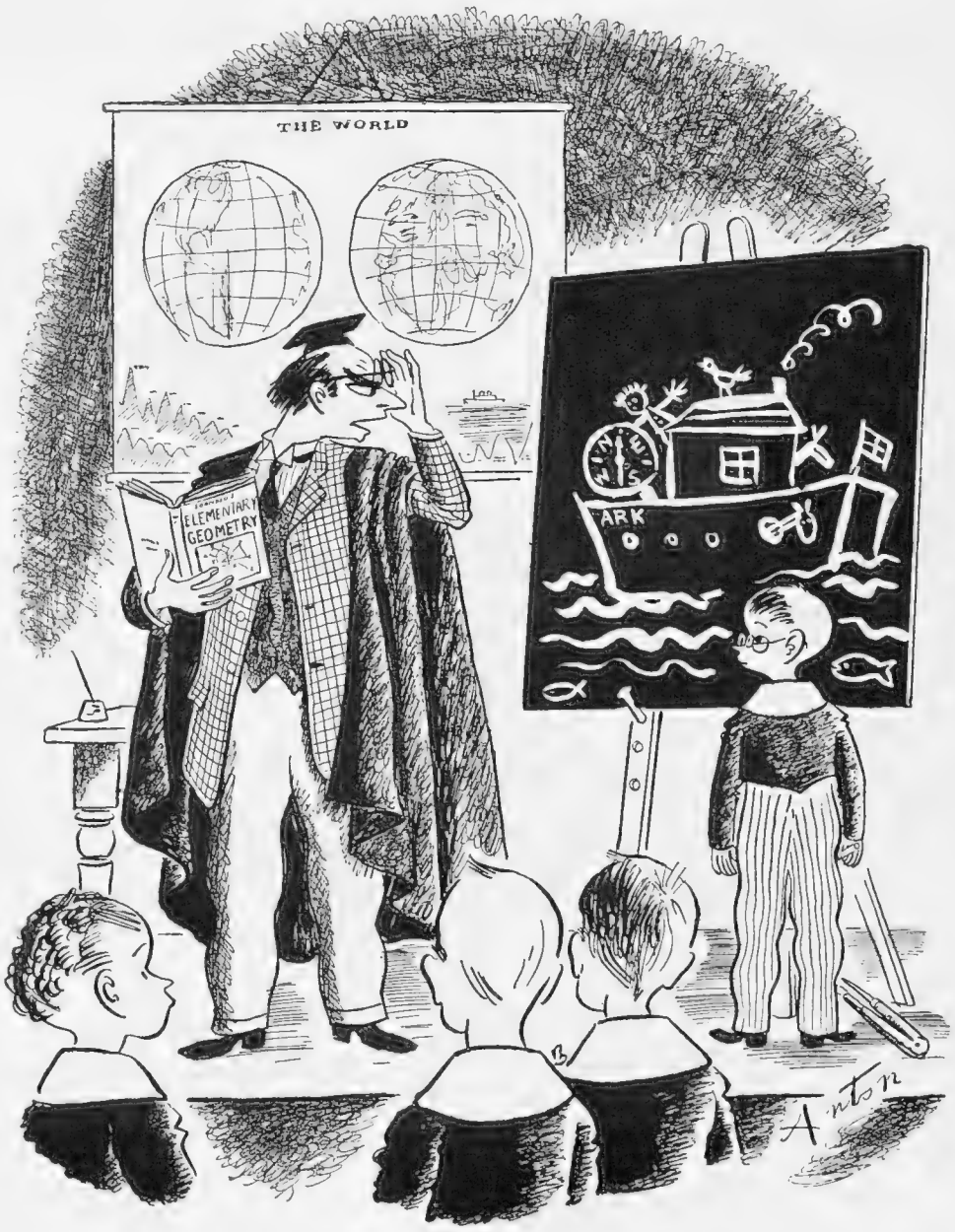
Architects taking swipes at the speculative builder are inspired entirely by public spirit and altruism, like M. Josse in the comedy, the jeweller who suggests that the only thing to restore an ailing girl to health is a diamond pendant or two, and such periodical cracks are undoubtedly valuable, except that they have no effect whatsoever. Mark, however, that this burst-pipe schemozzle is significant and symbolical, and betrays a fixed state of mind. Nothing could possibly happen to *us* (we poor dopes cry), and drop happily back to sleep ; and then comes the Big Frost and wrecks the house. Presentation copies of this Sombre Warning, beautifully hand-inscribed and illuminated on choice vellum, may be had free on application to " Auntie Joy," care of this page, who will see you in a warmer place first.

Wow

With engaging modesty the author of *French Without Tears* opined to an interviewer the other day that the huge success of his play, which has made him £23,000 to date, was rather a fluke, like winning a big sweepstake. The interviewer quoted *Chu Chin Chow*, its only competitor, but we think he grievously erred. *Chu Chin Chow* had a lot of animals in it, *French Without Tears* has none. If its author had stuck a few bow-wows into it (not to speak of a camel or a couple of tigers) he 'd have made twice as much, and we 're not fooling. We never forget—nor shall you—the first West End night of that comedy by the late Alfred Savoir called *Little Catherine*. The stalls lay supine and dozed through the first act till the Empress of All the Russias came on with her retinue, including two big live Borzois. The result was electrifying. A sudden wave of frenzy swept the house. Cheeks flushed and eyes sparkled, every face was alert and strained to miss no single facet of the bow-wows' behaviour. Here, everybody felt, was a Play. . . . Not knowing his West End public, Savoir was foolish enough to take the dogs out of the play altogether after Act I., whereupon it flopped, despite some witty lines and a very fine décor. We met Savoir afterwards and told him why he had failed, and with tears in his eyes he said if he 'd known that he 'd have crammed each act with zebras, wombats, ichneumons and every kind of animal known to man. We won't say *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* would have flopped without the Spaniel Flush, but we bet hundreds of West End playgoers would have thought it highbrow, literary and dull without that entrancing presence. Even *Hamlet* would stand a chance, possibly, if there was a horse in it.

So when a play like *French Without Tears* burns 'em up, without having even a Highland terrier to run across the stage and raise a popular tumult, it must have considerable fascination. But let every ambitious young playwright know where to draw the line with our dumb friends. Fleas in a play, for example, would stir the West End public to no emotion at all ; even performing fleas. Still less blackbeetles—surely the dumbest, most pathos-evoking friends of all ?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" No, no, Forsyte minimus—I said, draw an arc with a compass "

Films of the Day

Bird's Eye View: By George Campbell

FOR the fourth year in succession, the theatre-owners of America have voted Shirley Temple the greatest box-office draw on the screen. . . . Clark Gable, for the third year, is a bad second, followed by Sonja Henie, Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, Jane Withers, Alice Faye, and Tyrone Power. My, my; but where are all the glamour girls—Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, Mae West? . . . Shirley Temple also heads the list in this country, followed by (another blow to romance) George Formby and Gracie Fields. . . .

The campaign in America for decency on the screen is being carried to the point where a return to Victorianism is threatened. Sex, crime, sophistication, are all out. The simple life, homespun virtues, the what-does-money-matter-so-long-as-you-are-happy attitude to life, are in. At the same time, Hollywood, being Hollywood, is backing it both ways. There may be a slight case of murder now and then, just to prove that crime doesn't pay. How can you show that a girl is virtuous if we don't show her temptations? And, though money doesn't really matter if you haven't got it (see *You Can't Take It With You*), it 's awfully useful if you have; and it 's the good girl who gets the boss's son, anyway. . . .

THE former Miss Valerie Brooke, persistently referred to by the popular Press as the Princess Baba, and by her father as Mrs. Bob Gregory, has been given her first role in Hollywood. She has been cast as a slightly-dressed hoochie-coochie dancer in a circus side-show. "All I can say is that I 'm glad my mother and father are four thousand miles away," said the Princess Baba when interviewed. "If my marrying Bob made them so angry they disinherited me, I 'd hate to see them now!" "Amen!" added Mr. Gregory piously, patting her hand. . . . The film in which Mrs. Gregory will briefly appear, in case you are interested, is *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*, starring the immortal W. C. Fields. . . .

OSCAR LEVANT, while conducting in *Fabulous Invalid*, had a painful and unusual accident. A strip-tease dancer's bead costume broke, and one of the beads bounced and struck Mr. Levant in the eye. . . . Aspersions on the historical accuracy of *Suez* are rebutted by the studio's research department. The producer, I am informed, carried accuracy to the point of cutting out the kissing, on the ground that "evidence of the customs of the period from 1850 to 1870 show that Continental couples rarely kissed before marriage, and almost never in public" . . .

American press agents six months ago agreed to combine for honest publicity and avoidance of stunting. Naturally, this has not prevented legitimate enterprise like cabling an offer to hire the Pyramids for hanging streamers; having a world première in a one-horse Western town where a local inhabitant pulled a gun on the villain; planting arrows in front lawns to make the owners bow-and-arrow conscious, and suing a magazine for comparing a female player's mouth with a chimpanzee's. . . .

First

Shirley Temple easily heads the poll taken by the cinema corps. among the renters and cinema owners in America and in England

Second

Clark Gable comes second in America, his counterpart in English favouritism being George Formby; Gable is runner-up for the third year in succession

Third

Third is Sonja Henie, who combines a pudgy, bright smile with skating prowess, as demonstrated at the New Gallery in "My Lucky Star"

TWO new pictures will star Greta Garbo. The first is *Love Is not So Simple*, by Melchoir Lengyel; the other *Madame Curie*, based on the biographical study by Eve Curie, the scientist's daughter. Aldous Huxley is doing the adaptation. . . . After two years' consideration, Norma Shearer, believing herself unsuited to the role, is alleged to have abandoned all idea of playing Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*. At the moment the likeliest tip is the English Vivien Leigh; but if the casting proceeds steadily at the same rate, you mustn't overlook Shirley Temple. . . .

SPENCER TRACY sent the first fan letter he ever wrote, which happens to be a cable, to Robert Donat, after seeing *The Citadel*. "Stay in England," he wrote. "Hollywood hasn't anything that you don't have in England, and the rest of us like to eat, too. Come out here, and your Hollywood brethren would be all dead ducks." . . .

M.-G.-M. are making *Idiot's Delight*, long delayed for political reasons. Clark Gable is playing opposite Norma Shearer. . . . Sam Goldwyn has been in trouble again, this time over *The Cowboy and the Lady*. Noting that sometimes it was announced as *The Cowboy and the Lady* and sometimes as *The Lady and the Cowboy*, some people envisaged a ding-dong struggle between Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon for priority. (Actors are sometimes very sensitive about such things.) Actually, the explanation is legal. The estate of the late Clyde Fitch claimed copyright in the title *The Cowboy and the Lady*, so Sam promptly switched it round. But the executors still breathed threats, and poor Sam had to pay. . . .

EDDIE CANTOR'S next picture will not be made by Fox. Eddie likes a minstrel type of story, with songs and knockabout, and the camera focussed pretty consistently on Mr. Cantor. Fox, with the failure of *Ali Baba Goes to Town* in mind, wanted a good plot. They differed so strongly that when the pop-eyed one hinted they could tear up his contract, they did so with a speed described as alarming. . . .

WELL, well; all this inside news from my corps of special agents is very fascinating, but a page is only a page, and I 've told you nothing about the new pictures, because I think nothing of them. *My Lucky Star* is conventional Sonja Henie stuff; *Première* is a fair-to-medium British thriller from the French; and *Cheri-Bibi* is as preposterous as the book. If fate prevents your seeing one or all, I wouldn't let it sour your New Year.

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Lehmanns—Beatrix, Rosamond and John

An actress, a novelist, and a writer-publisher make good measure for a family group, and these three (children of the late Rudolph Lehmann, of Bourne End, Bucks) are outstanding in their exceptional talent, intellectual integrity and independence, and for their fine-drawn good looks. Beatrix Lehmann, the actress, made her debut, by way of the R.A.D.A., in 1929 at the Lyric, Hammersmith. She climbed slowly, but with a consistency of success, to her tremendous triumph of last winter as Vinny in Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Next week she will appear in the West End in *They Walk Alone*, a psychological thriller in which she had a great success at the Q. Her sister Rosamond made her name more quickly. Her first novel, *A Dusty Answer*, was widely discussed, and the three published since (*The Weather in the Streets*, 1936, was the last) have firmly established her reputation as a sensitive and accomplished novelist. She is the wife of an artist, Wogan Philipps (whose father, Sir Laurence Philipps, is a New Year's Honours peer), and has two children. John Lehmann has been partner and managing director of the Hogarth Press since last spring, and runs it with a committee of six of the most advanced writers of the day, including Christopher Isherwood and Stephen Spender, with whom he edits the bi-annual *New Writing*. His own two works are a Caucasian travel-book, *Prometheus and the Bolsheviks*, and a novel, *Evil Was Abroad*

In Switzerland Now:

The sporting and social sides of snow-life at Arosa in the East and Gstaad in the West

Swiss *David Zogg, ex-world champion, starts the run-up with the help of a kindly pull from Arosa's ski-lift, one of three new ones which lead up to fields of 9000 feet altitude. He is the new director of the Ecole Suisse de Ski d'Arosa*

Dutch *Baroness Gratia Schimmelpennink van der Oye preceded Zogg (left) up on the "strap-hanger" (he can be seen preparing in this picture). She is Netherlands' champion and represents the Fédération de Ski des Pays-Bas at Arosa*

Skates: *young Lord Monk Bretton, who succeeded as the third Baron in 1933 and lives in Chelsea, was at Gstaad on skates*

Skis: *Mr. Jack and Miss Molly Allen, who are the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Athole George Allen, of Dodlington, were posed on skis against Gstaad's fir-trees*

Feet: *Mr. and Mrs. Henri Carnal were on pedes firmi on the balcony of their school at Gstaad, Le Rosey. It is this school that has contributed a good deal to make Gstaad one of the Oberland's outstanding resorts*

Meerkämper

Morgenstimmung: Like a belated candle in a Christmas-tree, the sun rises over a 1939 snowfield

Gilbert and Sullivan Filmed

"The Mikado" In Its Colourful Glory

The Three Little Maids *are played by Kathleen N[...] in this willow-pattern setting by Martyn Green as Ko-[...] ception of an Eastern setting is well served by Marcel [...] court are yet reconciled to "The Mikado" after th[...]*

The Mikado *is played by John Barde[...] the D'Oyly Carte Company that visited [...] he makes an imposing figure in kimono [...]*

Yum-Yum: *"Braid the raven hair, weave the supple tress, deck the maiden fair in her loveliness," etc., etc. This part is taken by Jean Colin, a newcomer to the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The technicolour film has been produced by Geoffrey Toye, who himself conducted two seasons of Savoy operas. Victor Schertzinger directed*

The premiere *of "The Mikado" will be held in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, at the Leicester Square Cinema to-morrow night, in aid of the Boy Scouts' appeal fund. On the right is Kenny Baker, as Nanki-Poo, the beau of Titipu*

Jean Colin (also on left) and Elizabeth Paynter, preceded
Lord High Executioner. The charm of the Western con-
dresses. But it remains to be seen if Japan and its
protests it provoked in those quarters fifty years ago

nglish bass, who was with
Six feet five inches high,
sers of gold brocade moiré

Nanki-Poo, *here serenading Yum-Yum, is played by American Kenny Baker. He is one of the three newcomers to Gilbert and Sullivan parts, the others being Jean Colin and John Barclay. Other parts are taken by Savoy old-timers by arrangement with Rupert D'Oyly Carte*

***Pooh-Bah** is played in the film of "The Mikado" by the Gilbert and Sullivan stalwart, Sydney Granville. Like many of the D'Oyly Carte regulars, he has adapted himself well to the entirely new conditions of technicolour filming*

Covent Garden

Polly Ward as Red Riding Hood — "Red Riding Hood" — *Patricia Burke as Prince Charming*

Principal Boys and Girls : Heroes and Heroines in the Best English Tradition in Three London Pantomimes

Anne Leslie as Viola — "The Queen of Hearts" — *Nancy Fraser as Valentine*

Lyceum

Drury Lane

Photographs by Anthony

"The Babes in the Wood" *Greta Fayne as Maid Marian, Fay Compton as Robin Hood*

Six months ago, when the rival Russian ballet companies were here, "Covent Garden" and "Drury Lane" were as the war-cries of two armies of passionate controversialists. Now these great old theatres are competitors again—but more peacefully, and with a third and boisterous contestant for applause in the Lyceum. Drury Lane can claim the most famous principal boy with Fay Compton as its Robin Hood. She made her childish stage debut in a Christmas fantasy at the Albert Hall in 1906, has several times played Dick Whittington, and was the 1917 Peter Pan. Her Maid Marian is the musical-comedy star, Greta Fayne. At the Lyceum, where the tradition is a mixture of raciness and splendour, there is a twenty-three-year-old heroine in Anne Leslie, and a hero, Nancy Fraser, who is the daughter of a successful principal boy, and who wants to go into opera. At Covent Garden the show is produced with every resource of that famous and august stage, and of Francis Laidler, the pantomime king. Its Red Riding Hood is Polly Ward, a principal girl of porcelain prettiness, and daughter of a famous principal boy, Winifred Ward. Prince Charming is Patricia Burke, daughter of Marie Burke and Tom Burke, the tenor, who started her career as a Cochran Young Lady, and, at twenty-one, has played in revue, musical comedy, straight plays, and in pantomime, both as boy and girl

Garden Beauties

Four Early-Flowering Shrubs

Left:
Cornus Mas, the Cornelian Cherry, *is a valuable February flowering shrub, carrying its little bunches of yellow flowers on leafless shoots. It grows up to ten or twelve feet*

Below:
Hamamelis mollis *is the finest of the Witch Hazels, with bright golden flowers which, according to the season, appear from January to March on the bare branches*

Above:
Parrotia persica *is a small bush or a tree as much as thirty feet high. Little tufty bright-red flowers appear in February. It is almost the only plant with flowers of this colour at this season*

Photographs by Blanche Henrey

Flower portrait by Blanche Henrey

Right:
Chimonanthus fragrans, or Wintersweet, *is a Chinese shrub. Its lemon-yellow, bell-shaped flowers with a reddish-purple centre are borne on the naked twigs from Christmas onwards. It is deliciously scented*

Gardener's Chronicle

By R. C. Jenkinson

A new series of articles for the victims—always increasing in number—of the happiest of obsessions

January Flowers

ENJOYMENT to me has two phases during winter: planning for the future and looking at those plants whose flowers brave the elements, or whose foliage or fruits are attractive, or which, when their leaves have fallen, charm me by their habit of growth, coloured stems or shining bark.

Let us for the moment forget the future and enjoy the present. The flowering of plants in January depends, of course, on the kindness of the weather. The Algerian iris, I. unguicularis, incorrectly or commonly known as I. stylosa, starts about November time and goes on producing flowers until March, planted warm against a south or west wall. Personally, I like to cut off the leaves about a foot or so from their bases, partly for tidiness and partly because the flowers are more easily seen, and in the spring, when the plants have finished flowering, I comb them upwards from the base with a hand-fork, to get rid of the dead, brown leaves and admit all the sun possible to bake the roots. I do this cutting of the leaves every other year. The buds appear like long, slender cigars, buff colour; in this stage they may be easily pulled by holding the lower part of the tube between forefinger and thumb and giving them a sharp twist. The buds will quickly open in water, unshaken by weather, to show the pale violet flowers, sweetly scented. Established clumps produce so many flowers that a few buds picked as required for the house will not damage the display out of doors.

Crocus imperati, of similar colouring, buff, streaked with violet outside and pale lilac within, also may be expected in January, if the season is early. It is easy to grow in any sunny border; it looks so frail, but the tightly-folded buds only open to the sun—or electric light—remaining closed and almost unforceable on grey, rainy days. But more of early bulbs anon.

Trees: Shape and Bark

THE tracery of naked tree branches is most beautiful. Who has not wondered at the silver birch, those branchlets pendant with encrustation of hoar frost glittering white against a pale-blue winter sky? The weeping beech in summer hangs out a series of close, green curtains, but in winter I love it best, when I can see all the delicate architecture of the tree in detail, outlined against a clear, frosty sky.

Horse chestnut is diametrically opposed, with thick, sturdy branches, ascendant in young trees, only bending to ground-level in old specimens. The fat, sticky, red-brown buds are the first call of spring, only too often, alas! to be followed by an icy blast which reduces the budding green to brown pulp.

Some willows are most attractive, both for their habit and bark colour. The golden weeping willow, salix vitellina pendula, with long, slender, arching branches of polished old gold, is charming, either as a specimen on a lawn, or falling out and over the water of lake or stream. Salix pruinosa is an upright-growing, small tree, with its plum-coloured shoots covered by a glaucous bloom, very pleasant in winter, especially if a group of it is faced by a planting of red dogwood (cornus alba), of which the finest form is that known as the Westonbirt variety. It is not so coarse-growing as the type with the most brilliant carmine young shoots—a very choice plant. The "bat willow" (salix cœrulea) is a tall, upright tree, whose warm, pinkish-orange young branches are a joy the winter through. A good plan is to plant this with birch, either our own silver birch or one of the creamy-pink-barked species from China, such as Betula japonica szechuanica. Most of these birches are easy enough to grow and all have a graceful, rather pendulous, habit.

Flower Portrait by Blanche Henrey

Rhododendron præcox: *this well-known hybrid between Rh. dauricum and ciliatum grows about four or five feet high and opens its rosy-lilac flowers in February or March*

Three Winter Cherries

THE cherries provide three first-class dead-season plants. How many there are and how very alive the season with all sorts of bulbs beginning to push through! First, prunis maackii, from Manchuria, one of the bird cherries, a tree of some forty feet. It is pretty in early May with short racemes, two or three inches long, of white flowers, but its best value in gardens lies in its yellow autumnal foliage, which falls to show the olive-gold bark of stem and branches. It is hardy and grows fast. Secondly, there is prunus serrulata tibetica, of no value in flower or fruit, but when naked one of the loveliest of small trees. It will grow some thirty feet tall and should be carefully pruned (I will speak of pruning in a later article), so that the stem is clean for ten feet or more, for the bark is like rich, dark, burnished mahogany. Its habit is upright, and as the flower value is nothing, the head of branches can be kept pruned, making the tree specially useful for a confined space.

Last of the three, we have the winter-flowering cherry from Japan (P. subhirtella autumnalis), of graceful, spreading habit, an invaluable small tree, which begins to flower in October and goes on until March. It is very variable, according to the season and where it is planted. Anyhow, in a Northamptonshire garden I will guarantee to pick a vase of sprays from it every Christmas. The flowers are semi-double, flattish, and white or pale pink; they are borne on rather slender shoots and for house decoration should be cut with the oldest flowers half-open, so that, unspoiled by weather, the buds can expand at their leisure in the warmth of a room.

Colour Grouping

WHEN I have garden space, I have it in my mind to place amongst a background of firs a group of three or four prunus subhirtella autumnalis, grown in bushy, spreading form, with upright specimens of the polished-barked P. serrula tibetica amongst them, all planted with an undergrowth of bracken, and to give me colour in autumn and a livelier winter bark I shall add a few acer griseum—that prince of maples—twenty-five feet high, whose lovely lobed leaves turn in autumn to the most brilliant orange and scarlet and whose cinnamon bark peels to reveal a lighter brown with dove-grey bloom. I put this amongst the twelve best small trees for any garden. At the front of my little plantation I shall have a couple of groups of a white-stemmed bramble—rubus veitchii, perhaps, or giraldianus, there are several—and two barberries (berberis dictyophylla and B. sieboldii). These rubus are not scramblers like our common blackberry, but gentlemen of confined habit, throwing up annually stiff, arching stems with grey-green leaves. These stems remain silver-white the winter through. It requires pruning each year, the older flowering stems being cut away to ground-level in the autumn, to show up the pure white young ones, which, in their turn, are succeeded by fresh shoots from the base. The barberries must wait until next week.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 173

Carry Me Back

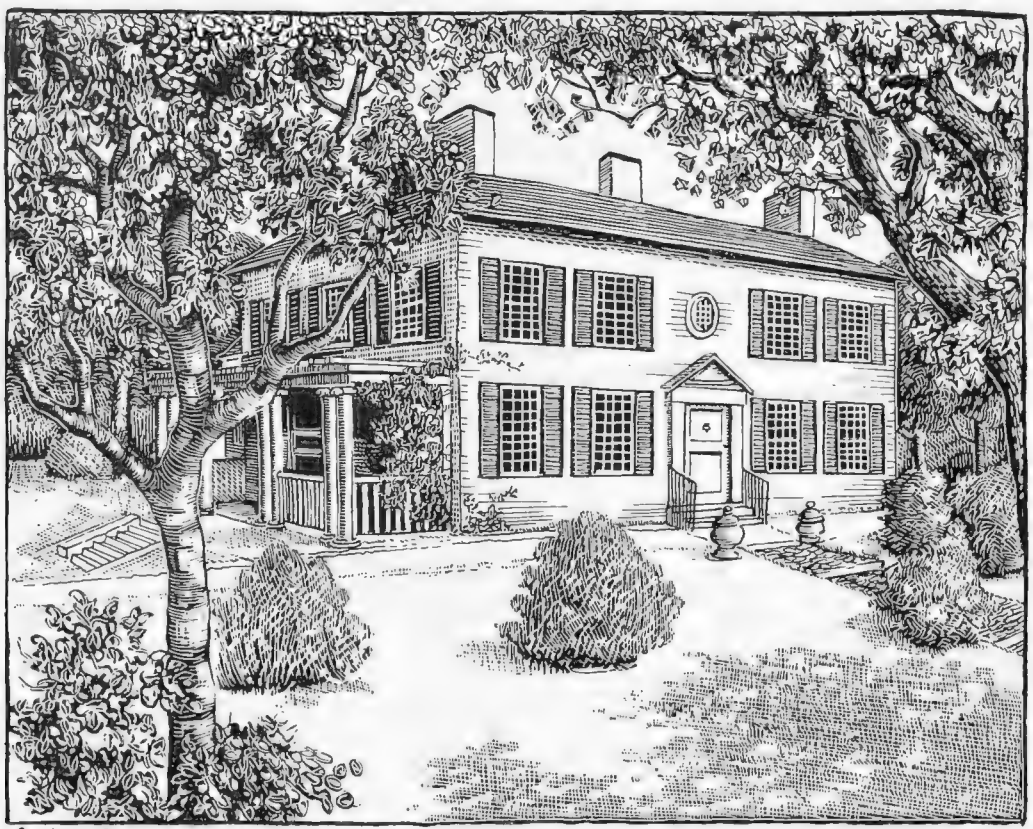
By Sally Benson

Illustrated by Archie Savory

EDDIE EVANS bought the old Mitchell place in Peru, Missouri, with the first big money he made. It was a streak of luck that he should happen to read that the house was to be auctioned off a few weeks after he had signed his new radio contract. He remembered the house well: it was the finest one in town, and stood, surrounded by maples and white birch, on ten acres of land at the end of Grove Street. Its long porch was heavy with honeysuckle vines, and peonies and bleeding-heart grew on either side of the brick path that led to the road. He remembered the soft green of the lawn, the handsome, showy snowball bushes, the stained-glass panes of the side door, the grape arbour with its rustic benches. He was interested when he read an inventory of the furniture, because he had never seen the inside of the house.

It was the sort of place he had always wanted to call home. And strangely enough, even before he bought it, he had managed to give a picture of a house quite like the Mitchell place when he spoke of home during his broadcasts. People listening-in could almost see a clipped green lawn, a hammock on a porch, a cool, wide hall, and a dark, elegant parlour filled with rosewood furniture; they could almost hear ice tinkling in a glass and hear the soft steps of old, respected servants. In fact, the year before he died, the picture he painted took on an added glamour and Missouri seemed to become the heart of the South. That was because he had read up on old wines and written a story for a magazine on how to carve wild duck.

After he bought the house—the details of the sale being arranged by numerous long-distance telephone calls—he sent for photographs of every room and went over them carefully with the decorator who had done his New York apartment. It was surprising how much of the house the decorator approved. Aside from a slight matter of ripping out parquet floors, and taking away rustic benches in the arbour, and the stained-glass of the side door, all added in the 'nineties, the house was allowed to stay as it was. A gardener was installed to keep the grounds in apple-pie order and old Mrs. Bartlett was only too glad to take the position of housekeeper. The idea was, Eddie Evans said, to have everything ready for him to move in whenever he cracked under the strain of New York life—a life abhorrent to him. He talked about the place more and more, fortified by the deed of ownership in his safe-deposit box and the dozens of pictures. He kept the pictures, in an album bound in Russian leather, in his study on the shelf under his aquarium of tropical fish. He would have liked to hang them on the walls for all to see, but the decorator reminded him that the room didn't take pictures well.



When he spoke of the house he lowered his clear, hearty voice a bit, as though the memories it brought to mind were too poignant to bear. His voice was one of the reasons for his success on the air; it was such an ordinary one, so unaffected in its tone and inflections, with no disquieting dramatic-school accent. It might have been anybody's voice. And the things he said were reassuring; they were things his listeners had thought a thousand times and just never happened to express. He practically took the words right out of their mouths. He represented a part of America that was rapidly vanishing. He was Eddie—not Ned, or Teddy, or Edward—Evans, a typical small-town boy who had made good. And you had to hand it to him. With the darnedest things happening all over the world, there was Eddie Evans, a fellow from Missouri, from a good American family, too, keeping his head and handing out real common sense twice a week over the radio. It proved that substantial stock and background counted for something, after all.

He was not concerned with vital issues. The way he figured it, he said, was that everybody had a right to his own private opinions. The homely things of life were what interested him: a boy and his dog, the joys of fishing, old folks, a cute little tyke, farmers, owning a home, sweat, Grandma's pies, and marriage. Although most people had forgotten all about the younger generation, he never did, and went on upholding them staunchly. Good, clean, healthy kids were the same the world over, he guessed. Occasionally he clipped a poem to read over the air. Each poem contained a thought. And, of course, when anyone flew the Atlantic Eddie was wonderful. He gave the impression that any aviator was a blond, right-thinking American boy, who flew in something that looked like a silver bird and carried a Boy Scout knife in his teeth.

He knew everybody worth knowing in New York, but to hear him talk about them you'd never think they were rich or famous. He spoke of them by their first names and, without detracting a whit from their glamour, made them seem just plain folks. That was the amazing thing to his listeners; the fact that he knew famous people all over the world, called them by their first names, ate with them, kidded them along, and remained apparently unimpressed. Whether he was speaking of a famous man or speaking of his own boot-black, his voice never changed in tone. He was as plain as an old shoe.

Eddie Evans had been born in Peru, in rooms over the drug-store where his father worked as clerk. His boyhood had been spent hanging about the place, running errands and, later, jerking sodas. When he was sixteen his father sent him away to St. Louis for a course at business college. And although he completed the course, he never went home again. But somehow, in his wanderings from one job and one town to another, he carried with him a faint nostalgia for home. Not that home had been

(Continued on page 72)

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Pop in and recruit him yerself!"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Love Among the Artists

By V. S. Pritchett

A novelist is entitled to pick up his plots and people anywhere, and there is no reason why he should not wittingly compete with biography by writing a novel about the distinguished dead. But there is a price to be paid for taking a ready-made subject, and Miss Henry Handel Richardson's *The Young Cosima* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), which deals with the marriage of Liszt's daughter to Hans Von Bülow and her subsequent flight with Wagner, has to pay it. An intelligent, readable and competent piece of writing, the book inevitably leaves the reader uncomfortably with one foot on the solid, if arbitrary, earth of fiction and the other slipping unsteadily in the dissolving, unselected flux of the known life of these people. Miss Richardson has written an interesting novel, but it would have been a better biography; for where a biographer may leave out nothing, a novelist has to select, and if the reader knows anything about the subject, the illusion of art will be spoiled by continual checking-up with life. Here, for example, the fact that Blandine, Cosima's sister, was Wagner's mistress before Cosima went to him is not mentioned; and all the other Wagner love-affairs are soft-pedalled, so as to leave one with the impression that Minna, his first wife, and Cosima, the second, were the two main emotional centres of his life. The nature of his attachment to Ludwig II. is not closely examined, either; and one is distinctly left to suppose that Cosima's proposal to Wagner was a surprise to the composer. Yet Wagner always kept a weather-eye open. He wrote himself that he was well aware of his feelings and hers at the time when he offered her the celebrated ride in a wheelbarrow across the public square at Biebrich. The "Oh-this-is-so-sudden" tone of Wagner at Cosima's proposal in the novel sounds dubious to me.

I mention these points not to question Miss Richardson's careful documentation, but to note that the stressing of one person puts important matters of general knowledge out of focus. Her main object is to show how the innocent Cosima gradually found her marriage to Von Bülow impossible as she grew up, and how her repugnance to Wagner slowly changed to love. Cosima was an ambitious and talented woman, the daughter of a man of genius repressed in childhood by the strong-minded women who had been his mistresses; and since she could not turn Von Bülow's talent into the genius she adored in her father, it seems inevitable to modern psychological determinism that she should fall for Wagner. Miss Richardson is sympathetic and sensitive, but her Cosima is on the simple and doting side, to my way of thinking. Far more subtle is the portrait of Hans; though again it is the weak, passive, industrious, worried side of this talented man, who had no self-confidence, which is stressed; whereas his malice and wit, his hectic musical quarrels, though mentioned often enough, are rarely enacted before the reader. Biographically this is sound enough; but the novelist, as Henry James pointed out, must continually dramatise. The reader must not be told, he must be made to see with his own eyes. There is a deep gulf between talent and genius—for a commonplace but significant example, Von Bülow slaved to pay his way where Wagner sponged on everyone—and Miss Richardson understands this gulf perfectly. Nor is she so simple as to make moral capital for Von Bülow out of Wagner's voracious egotism, which showily pillaged those who were most devoted to him until they were stripped bare. In human relations, victims get as much out of being victims as their destroyers get out of victimising them. The fly likes to be invited into the spider's parlour.

Yevonde

Stefan Zweig

Whatever he may not have been able to take out of his native Austria, Zweig has brought to England something that has quit Germany in chunks recently: reputation. The biographer will publish his first full-length novel with Cassell's in March, entitled "Beware of Pity," perhaps the first book to appear in translation before in the original. Mr. and Mrs. Zweig live in Hallam Street, have applied for British nationality

"Three Over the Frontier," by Hans Habe (Harrap; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a study in the adventures of three German refugees who escape to Czecho-Slovakia and enter the crowded, unstable haunts of exile in Vienna, Geneva, Paris and London. Like so many German novelists since the war, Mr. Habe is chiefly concerned with despair, rootlessness and moral corruption. Nora, the Jewish girl, is promiscuous and very post-war; Dr. Kiesler, the rich manufacturer, "buys" Nora from her mother; "sells" her then to a maudlin Englishman to get her an English passport, and loses her to the third exile, a young Communist engineer. The curious and sentimental psychology of hatred will be familiar to readers of German fiction, even if it is hard to understand; and I think Mr. Habe's background people—the other refugees perpetually arguing in hotels all over Europe, extravagantly hopeful, easily deceived, craving eternally for "news," strung up for the arrival of the postman—are his real successes. The other migrations of history have been of people who have lost a possible future; the heterogeneous German migration has meant the loss of a past—such is Mr. Habe's theme. There are, no doubt, too many "cut-backs" into the past, there is too much emotional telegraphese, and a serious avoidance of several important climaxes in the book. But it is well worth reading.

Both Spencer Chapman's *Lhasa, the Holy City* (Chatto and Windus 21*s.*) and Walter Spies and Beryl de Zoete's *Dance and Drama in Bali* (Faber; 30*s.*) are outstanding pieces of book production and have superb photographs. Mr. Chapman went out with a Government mission to advise on Tibetan defence; and his narrative is full of interesting and valuable observation about the daily life and the arts of Lhasa. Mr. Spies and Miss de Zoete are also serious and informed writers. Their subject is exclusively the dance-drama of the Balinese, and no other writers have approached their knowledge and thoroughness. Bali—as I gather from a song of unbelievable vulgarity which I have just heard on the wireless—is regarded in England as an Arcadia of free cuddling, a new hot-spot in the Blue Lagoon country. There is, however, no "charmed insouciance" about the life of the Balinese. Though dancing is regarded as a mode of being and is the essence of these people, it is the result of a positive attitude to living, the expression, as in all primitive communities, of a very intimate religious tradition which rules every detail of the Balinese life. And without leaving it fossilised and tyrannical, because of the innate humour, good sense, love of style and feeling for novelty in the people. The huge tourist traffic hardly touches them, and European imperialism, with its tin roofs, taxes, low wages and missions, has not broken up the village culture. To artists who in Europe are at present asked to surrender individualism and the deification of the artist in the interests of a group or mass culture, the Balinese present a curious and disturbing argument.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth . . .

Scott Bushe

LOOKING ahead—you will need a new hat to help you brave the last lagging weeks of winter or to greet the first spring day with a smile. The spring felts illustrated on this page from Henry Heath, of 172, New Bond Street, would finish perfectly a tailored outfit. The dark-coloured felt at the top of the page is in navy. It has what might be described as a "sloping roof" which gives a smart and, at the same time, easy-to-wear line. A loop of petersham ribbon is slotted through the crown. Next to it is a flannel-grey felt, with a crown which is high at the back and sweeps down in front to match the attractive drooping brim. Petunia and royal blue ribbon make a colourful trimming. On the left is a model for anyone who has a large face or a slightly heavy jaw-line. The tucked crown is built up in front—a contrast to the previous model—and this will give a becoming balance. An emerald ribbon, parrot-bright, is the trimming

the bystander twins in search of novelties

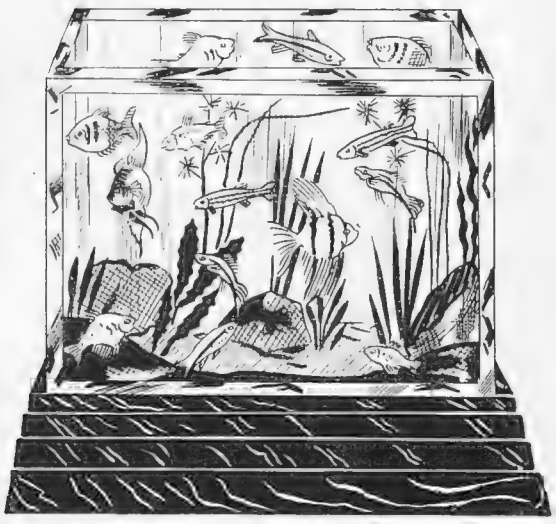
Discovered by peter
Pictured by pearn

Handbags in advance for new spring suitings. On the left a guinea pochette in calf. It has a slide fastener with a leather "tag." Initials cost 1s. 6d. each. Next to it a wafer of pigskin with a small self-handle and a slide fastener; only for the elegant. The third bag will stand with open mouth on a shop counter, enabling the owner to see everything she wants inside it. In suede, satin-lined. All from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly

Two views of the Zeus cigarette-holder, in which a cigarette inserted in the barrel acts as a filter. The sketch on the left, in which the barrel and mouthpiece have been unscrewed, shows the filter cigarette

She's going to a party, wearing a circlet of artificial flowers and berries in her hair. They are made in bright Austrian colourings mounted on green felt and cost 15s. 6d.

Moving pictures in the hall; an electrically-lighted aquarium, on a stand or built into the wall, makes an attractive decoration. Tropical fish need little looking after, and provide an interesting hobby. Selfridge's, Oxford Street, specialise in aquaria, and will advise on the fish and install tanks and other necessities. The fish in this tank include Angel and Zebra fish, X-Ray fish, Swordtails and Black Widows, which are all hardy species



Ski-Heil! in a two-in-one cap of brown and yellow felt. The eye-shade and skeleton crown are of brown; the skull-cap with its substantial "stalk" is yellow. Wear them separately, or push the "stalk" through the hole in the cross-straps and wear both together

"Bystander" Cup

By Eleanor E. Helme

THE title is not that of a new drink, nor does it refer to any of the eight which will be won in foursomes during 1939. Nor to that rewarding the Girl Champion. On January 2nd of each year, the golfing staff (women's department)—excuse it if the phraseology smacks somewhat of a sales catalogue—sets to and works out who has won the Yearly Cup for the player who has won the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons in the preceding twelve months. Scratch spoons count, so do overseas; but this year it was a straight fight between three handicap performers, who tied with three spoons each to their credit.

After due checking of card-indexes and of the actual cards, it appeared that the winner is Mrs. Uber, of Cuddington G.C. in Surrey, who, round that distinctly long course where the par is 76, achieved winning cards in March, April, and the very month just ended, December of snowy memory. Her first win was last March, with 90—20=70, six below scratch score. Down came her handicap, but, none the less, April saw her winning another spoon with 87—14=73. Then a long run of non-successes, while no fewer than twenty-eight other competitors also acquired two spoons, and two more competitors three. That was the position at the beginning of December, with the most dangerous rival of them all the present Girl Champion, Miss Sheila Stroyan. True, she had only won two spoons, but one of them was with a score seven below scratch score, and the other four below. One more spoon, with almost any sort of a score, and Miss Stroyan must have tied, and won the tie. But she was presumably doing anything rather than take out cards just then, for none came, and it was Mrs. Uber who, undeterred by the weather (which certainly made Cuddington no easier than other courses), struggled home with a third win, 86—10=76. So, with three spoons and a total of nine below scratch score, she takes the Cup and replica, having halved her handicap since her first of the spoons. That is a really sterling performance, on which she can be heartily congratulated.

THE other three-spooners required all the provisions of the act before arriving at the result that Miss Zara Bonner Davis, Kent's promising young golfer, with a handicap of 4, now reduced to 3, came before Mrs. D. M. Hancock of Worksop. The latter won each time on a handicap of 12, since reduced by her last win, four below scratch score, in July. Both of these players totalled one below scratch score on their three cards added together. The "best single score" clause only produced a further tie, for Miss Davis, too, had a four below amongst her winning cards. It was only the final provision which decided the matter, Miss Davis proving to be "the player whose worst winning score is the least bad"; she had nothing worse than two above scratch score, Mrs. Hancock had three above.

SO that is that, and perhaps it would not be taking too much credit to the BYSTANDER to say that a good many golfers have had some fun out of this yearly "do," which, of course, runs on under similar conditions in 1939. Four hundred and fifty-three individuals have won spoons, fifty-four of them being from Overseas clubs: something approaching one thousand cards have been sent in.

One very interesting point is the great increase this year in cards from clubs in the Dominions and overseas, which has produced those fifty-four winners. Hamilton, N.Z., has been especially active, and study of this month's list, for instance, shows members of that Club filling second place in each division, Mrs. J. Gamble's wonderful nine below in the Bronze only being beaten by a quite extraordinary fourteen below from Miss K. Hall of Leek; while Mrs. McDonald's two below in the Silver comes next to four below from Mrs. R. D. N. Nicolson of Barrackpore. That is another overseas club which has sent in plenty of cards, no doubt in a grand effort to hold on to the Cup which their Mrs. D. P. Milne won last year with four BYSTANDER Spoons to her credit. Now that cards from overseas clubs will be accepted whenever they reach the office, provided they are posted within a week of being played, there is no real reason why the Cup should not take a voyage every year.

It seems to me remarkably full of encouragement to everybody that three spoons were enough to tie for the Cup this year. Four or five has been the total other years, but now competition is so keen that hardly anybody gets a chance of such repeated wins. Which all adds to the fun of the fair and the credit of those who do.

JUST to correct a misunderstanding which appears to have crept in: competitors need only send one coupon each month, not one for each week of the month. And may a plea be spoken that the secretaries, who have in any case to sign the card, shall make a point of certifying the scratch score? These are so constantly changed by the L.G.U. that no "Year Book" can keep track of them, and when the figures printed on the card are labelled bogey, a really conscientious checker goes to bed haunted by the idea that she has given Mrs. Stick-in-the-Mud a spoon under the belief that her card is one or two below scratch score, when perhaps really it is only all square, and not a winner at all. There is a fierce sentence at the end of the conditions to deal with such a contingency, but we hate fierce sentences, especially at this season of peace and good will, when the Christmas cards have hardly come down from the mantelpiece.

AND, speaking of those, may I be personal and thank all the more than kind folk, particularly overseas, who have greeted me? It is such a real pleasure to hear from them, however impossible to answer in return.

***"Bystander" Cups** besides that of which Miss Helme writes have been won recently. Colonel Fraser and Mrs. Charles Cooper won the annual "Bystander" foursomes at the Nice Golf Club, with a joint handicap of eight and a score of five down. Between them here is Captain A. M. Rattigan, the well-known secretary of the Club. Second in the foursomes were F. Vagliano and Miss Davies, and third A. J. Garland and Mrs. G. N. Hunt*

***Playing at Mont Agel**, above Monte Carlo, were the Marquess of Zetland (nearest camera) and Colonel L. D. Spencer. The Secretary of State for India and Burma is one among dozens of political celebrities, English and otherwise, who have been on the Riviera. Incidentally, yet more "Bystander" Cups will be played for on February 9th, over the Mont Agel course*

News Reel From

Where All Roads Will Soon Lea

"Builders of the Future" *is a fine example of World's Fair sculpture. William Zorack's creation is dedicated to labour, and portrays a family group of toilers as the foundation on which the work of the world is built up. It stands in the centre of Rose Court, between the New York City and Business Systems and Insurance Buildings, with the Perisphere and Trylon as background here*

Christmas holidays *took schoolboy Jeffery Massey over to see his father, Raymond Massey, who met him when the Aquitania docked. Raymond Massey, as Abraham Lincoln, has been one of the biggest successes of this winter's New York theatre season*

Summer hat, winter coat *is a New York fashion fancy, which on Mrs. Archie Campbell means a dark mink coat with a violet-trimmed boater and pale-pink veil. She was dressed for lunch at the Colony*

Press notices *of Miss Elsa Maxwell's lecture tour in Canada were very satisfactory. She was reading them in her Waldorf Towers apartment, 28th floor, wearing a striped black-and-white blouse ("It makes me look so slim"). Her lecture tour was on the need of U.S.A.-British Empire friendship*

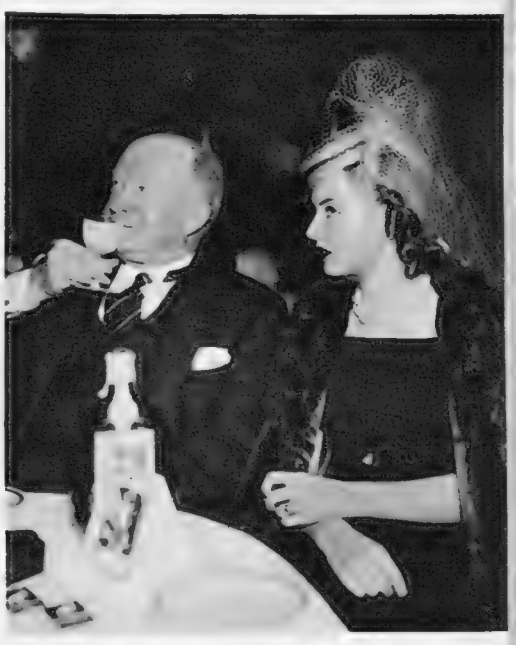
A lunch date *brought these two to the Colony—Ann Mitchell, who comes to London quite a lot, and Mrs. Carmen Messmore, who is English and was Lee Highet before her marriage to the head of New York's Knoedlers. She used to share a London flat with Lady Doria Childe, now Lady Doria Neumann*

New York
the World's Fair

Orchids and furs are almost a uniform for the Colony as New York's smartest restaurant. Wearing them are Miss Ellen Lehmann, niece of the Governor of New York State, and Miss Marie Scott, who did last summer's London season. Miss Lehmann also came over with her mother and included Ascot in their trip

"Speed," even in America, its natural home this century, still can't be better symbolised than by a winged horse. This powerful piece of sculpture has been executed by Joseph E. Renier for the New York World's Fair

Departure of Sir Ronald and Lady Storrs (below) for New York in the Washington happened soon after Christmas. Sir Ronald Storrs, whose knowledge of the Near East, its politics and its unwritten history is boundless, is inevitably going on a lecture tour



Columnist and ex-debutante at the same Sunday cocktail-dancing function were Howard Shelley and Miss Martha Stephenson. Mr. Shelley, drinking an egg-nogg, is one of the wittiest and kindliest of New York's terrifying band of columnists. Miss Stephenson was voted prettiest 1937 deb., has had numerous screen offers, but her family say no to that. She is Mrs. James Forrester's daughter

Singer and Composer at a Stork Club cocktail-dansant were Ethel Merman, who created all the best numbers in Cole Porter's "Anything Goes," and is also in the film "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and Deems Taylor. Four of his operas have been given at the Metropolitan, and he also wrote the musical pantomime "Beggar on Horseback"

Return of Lady Hinchingbrooke and Lady Daphne Straight (right) took place last time the Normandie came in. The Hinchingbrookes went out early in December. Her husband's sister married the American artist, Philip Nesbitt, about a year ago. Lady Daphne Straight is herself half-American, besides having an American-born husband; her mother, Lady Winchilsea and Nottingham, was a Drexel of Philadelphia

Cambridge University Beat Le Rosey School in a Gstaad Ice-Hockey Match

Cambridge has an ice-hockey team now in Switzerland, and at Gstaad they met the team of Le Rosey school. The Light Blues were Hughes-Hallett, Hallowes (captain), Savage, Baker, Leuart, Johnston, Goldsmith, Knapp, Campbell and Richardson

Le Rosey were defeated at Gstaad by the Cambridge team on the left, to the tune of three goals to nil. Their team was Barbey, Jacquet, Marwicz, Parreten, Hodge, Berthod, Siebenthal, Lundi, Mullener, Ward and Moore

Howard Marshall on Sport

So another Test match has been drawn, and Budge has beaten Vines, and despite Saturday's Cup ties and the England Rugby Selectors' deliberations, the bulk of the week's sporting interest has concentrated itself overseas.

There was a time when we thought England might manage to beat South Africa at Cape Town, but Hammond mystified us by delaying his declaration on the second day, instead of getting at tired opponents for an hour in the evening.

I dislike criticising the man on the spot, and we must assume that he had excellent justification for hoping that the heavy roller would make the wicket crumble and pave the way for Wright, Verity and Goddard.

As it turned out, his prognostications were wrong, and South Africa had very little real difficulty in staving off disaster. It must have been a tedious match, for all that, and I wish we could hope with some certainty for a decision at Durban.

Hammond's own innings must have been worth seeing, and it is excellent news that B. H. Valentine has come off so triumphantly. What about young Edrich, though? He just has no luck at all, and the odd thing is that, to meet him, you would imagine that he had the ideal temperament for the big occasion. Perhaps he has, and depressing though his Test match record is, he remains a very fine player, and his day must surely come.

Since we are thinking of summer games, what are we to make of Budge's decisive victory in his first contest with Ellsworth Vines? To win by 6—3, 6—4, 6—2 in unfamiliar surroundings was pretty conclusive, and it speaks well for Budge's consistency and powers of concentration.

Whether it finally establishes Budge's right to be considered the best player in the world remains to be seen. He still has to play some fifty odd games with Vines, and the conditions of professional tennis must always leave some doubt in our minds. This much we may say. Vines, on his day, is probably at least as good as Budge, but he does lack just that consistency which makes Budge a champion.

It was a little surprising that the crowd fell below expectations—or was it? I fancy crowds are beginning to tire a little of professional exhibitions, and I cannot imagine that there would be vast interest if Joe Louis, let us say, were to have sixty fights on a tour with his leading opponent. The zest of professional boxing lies in the fact that all the chips are stacked on one fight—a heavy-weight crown is challenged by a single blow—whereas in professional tennis the interest dwindles to the response given to a music-hall turn. There is no tension, no drama—abominable but necessary word—and if Budge beats Vines to-day Vines may beat Budge to-morrow, and so ad infinitum.

I find the contemplation of professional sport rather a dreary affair. No one will blame Budge for picking up a small fortune, but what a treadmill it all is! Our professional football players, for example, exhibiting their skill for a pittance—we should feel better about that if they also had a chance of playing themselves into the big money.

There 's glamour, perhaps, about boxers like Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, who fight their way out of the ruck, but think of the small-time boys, the preliminary bouts, the lads who slam away for a few pounds until they are punch-drunk, and then fade into poverty and obscurity. The tragedies of the ring make a terrible story, and now and again we remember, and wonder.

These depressing thoughts do not apply to Tonypandy Tommy Farr, who is having large cheques waved under his nose by English promoters for a fight with Len

W. S. Mathias, Anthony Denison

These two met in the second round of the Junior Covered Court Championships at Dulwich, Mathias, who is nearly eighteen, beating Denison, who is only fifteen, and has two more years in the event

Miss Costerton, Miss Andrews

Two fancied girl players in the Junior Covered Court Championships at Dulwich were Barbara Costerton, Junior Champion of Kent, and Enid Andrews. The latter has another two years in this event, being only sixteen

Indian Princes in Swiss Snow

Their four Highnesses ski-ing at St. Moritz are Prince U. S. Gaekwar of Baroda, the Rajkumar of Jath, Prince K. S. Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Prince of Rajpipla

Harlequins Beat Richmond

J. Mycock, of the 'Quins, gets one cleanly out of a line-out to his scrum-half, N. A. Steel: an incident in the Twickenham match when Harlequins beat Richmond by 22 points to 8

Harvey. I don't think we need take much notice of rumours yet, and Farr's future will probably be left unsettled until he has met Red Burman.

Harvey, in the meanwhile, can be quite content in the knowledge that, whatever is arranged for him, he will be comfortably in the money. Of all our boxers in recent years, Harvey is probably the most shrewd, though Jack Petersen has little to grumble about, and Jack Doyle still has the headline habit.

The fight I look forward to most keenly is the little affair between Eric Boon and Arthur Danahar. There will be no nonsense about this, for never were two very good lads more anxious to have it out. Danahar was very disappointed when the doctor stopped him fighting the other night at Earl's Court—incipient influenza was the trouble—for he wants as much tuning-up as he can get.

FINALLY, Rugby football, although I write too early to know what the England Selectors have made of the form in the final trial at Twickenham.

It was a great pity that Jack Heaton could not turn out in this match, for upon his performance the shape of the England attack largely depended.

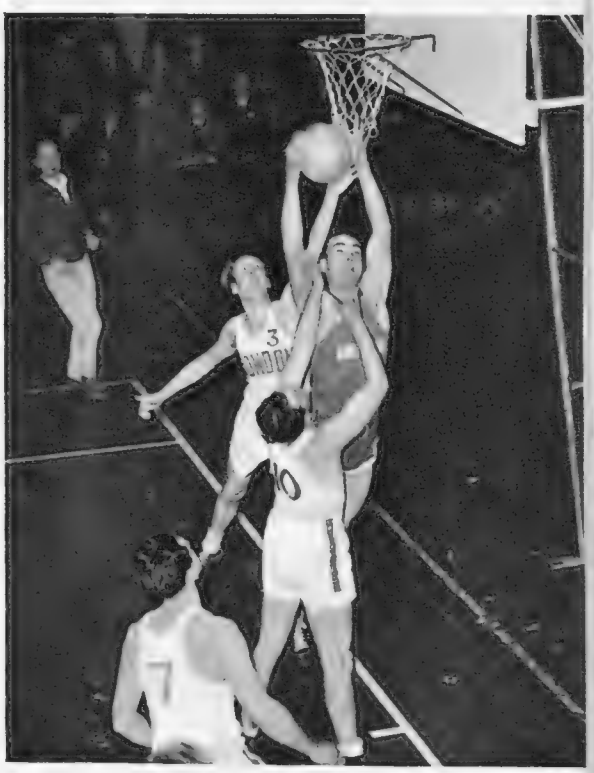
One excellent piece of news, from an England point of view, is that Peter Cranmer turned out last week for the first time since his cartilage injury in November and found that his knee stood up to the strain perfectly well. He is therefore available for consideration as England's full-back and, if he continues to play as well as he did in the early part of the season, he must be a very strong candidate.

Then, just to keep us all cheerful, the qualification problem, that hydra-headed monster, has cropped up again, through the refusal of K. D. Downes, the Cambridge centre, to play in the Welsh trial at Swansea last Saturday.

Downes had already been a reserve for England and Scottish trials this season, and when the Welsh Selectors picked him for their match he said that he had no wish to play for Wales since his qualifications were far too slender.

Possibly the remedy for the whole muddle lies with the players themselves, though I think very few would have the moral courage to refuse the chance of a cap on grounds of conscience.

There is a considerable amount of feeling on this matter, and it puts the rival countries into the undignified position of apparently snatching and scuffling for players. I suppose the only country who can really be acquitted of blame in the matter is Ireland. But in the meanwhile I must admit that it is extremely difficult to work out a satisfactory qualification law. At the moment, there is no law of any kind, and it is left to the common sense and goodwill of the rival selection committees; and too often the result is a rather undignified brawl in the bargain basement.



The New Game

Basket-ball is not really a new game, but it has newly become something more than a schoolgirl pastime. At Queen's Club three courts will be available twice a week, opening a regular season sponsored by the Amateur B.-B. Association of England and Wales. This incident is from an exhibition match, London v. London Americans, won by the latter 48 — 42

The Cottesmore Met at Tilton and Got an Un-Square Deal from a Railway

The Cottesmore had moderately good sport when hounds met at Tilton, though the day's best run was stopped by a goods train. At the meet were (far left) Lord Kimberley and his fifteen-year-old son, Lord Wodehouse, who stands between Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh. In the nearer picture are Sir John and Lady Blunt

"See How They Fly"

By Charles Ward

UNDER the above title, there is an Aero Show at Shell-Mex House which is different from any that have been staged before. It deals with flying from the days of the authentic pterodactyl—not the type built by Westlands—and with the aid of models, fascinating illuminated transparencies, and other ingenious devices, the visitor is informed and amused from the moment of entry. What used to be known as man's flight in the face of Providence is illustrated, stage by stage, from balloons to the present-day liner. It is the best form of propaganda for aviation as an instrument of peace, with no bombs or guns, no engines, no tables of records or performances to distract attention from the wonder and beauty of flight. Shell-Mex and B.P. are to be congratulated.

REGULAR crossings of the North Atlantic by flying-boat will be made weekly in each direction, commencing in May. This statement of Imperial Airways' plans comes at a time when Anglo-American co-operation is very much in the news. It is obvious that the closer the personal link between us, the more likely it is that the States will rally round if we get attacked. Experience of operating the route will make it practical for the delivery of reinforcements in the shape of new 'planes by air, thus saving much time and expense. The boats to be used this summer are of the strengthened "Empire" class, tested up to 24 tons. Refuelling in the air will take place from Rynanna and Botwood, the land aerodromes adjacent to the marine bases at Foynes, on the West Coast of Ireland, and in Newfoundland respectively. Tankers have been loaned by the Air Ministry and fitted with the necessary gear by Sir Alan Cobham's staff at Ford, where refuelling research has been conducted during the past three years.

Charles E. Brown

The "Flamingo" in flight above the clouds at Hatfield. Built by de Havillands and powered by Bristols, it is the last word in air-liner design

THE K.L.M. air-liner "Heron" returned to Amsterdam during the afternoon of Saturday, December 31, and so completed the special goodwill flight to South Africa and back in connection with the Voortrekker centenary. Royal Dutch thereby fulfilled its promise to bring passengers back to Europe in time for the New Year celebrations. During the past year, K.L.M. has consolidated its route to Australia, being an extension of the service operated three times a week between Amsterdam and the East Indies. Passenger traffic has increased by about 50 per cent., including several weekly bookings from London to the Commonwealth. Manchester was included as an airport of call on the route from Holland across the North Sea, and this will be re-introduced in the summer. In the West Indies, Lockheed "Super-Electras," similar to those in use by British Airways, are in service from Curaçao to Venezuela and Central America. Our own islands of Trinidad and Barbados will be included in the Dutch chain sometime this year. This prompts the query as to why we delay starting a British service in the West Indies. Aerodromes and flying-boat bases were planned in 1921, when an air-survey party spent a year in those parts, flying without subsidy and using improvised aircraft.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Some Professional Golf in 1938

OUR professional golfers can look back on the season of 1938 with satisfaction. Twenty professionals had average scores of under 75 in the more important tournaments, and it was nice to see among these twenty the name of the veteran Abe Mitchell and the names of several young golfers, including E. E. Whitcombe, D. J. Rees, Max Faulkner, and Sam King; all the latter, with the exception of Sam King, are no longer assistant professionals.

Although he won the Open Championships of Belgium, Germany, and Czechoslovakia, Henry Cotton did not manage to win a single tournament of importance in Great Britain.

Cotton started well by leading the qualifiers of the southern section for the *Daily Mail* tournament with two 69's on his home course at Ashridge. He finished seventh in the tournament proper and was shortly afterwards sixth in the "Silver King" tournament, which was again played at Moor Park. He apparently found journalism more profitable than playing in the Dunlop-Southport tournament—at any rate, he wrote about the Walker Cup practice match instead of playing at Southport. He also missed the *Yorkshire Evening News* tournament and the *News Chronicle* tournament. In the new Penfold tournament in which twelve leading professionals played all against all, he finished in the fourth place, with R. Burton and A. J. Lacey, having won five matches, lost four, and halved two. In the Open Championship of Ireland he finished second, one stroke behind Bobby Locke, who had a tremendous finish, taking 2, 4, 4, 4 for the last four holes. Cotton, on the other hand, finished weakly. He also missed the *News of the World* tournament, which resulted in a second win for Dai Rees, who beat another young golfer, E. E. Whitcombe, in the final by 4 and 3. In the final of 1936 Rees beat E. R. Whitcombe, the father of E. E., after his opponent had had a commanding lead.

ON his return to competitive golf in this country, Cotton finished second in the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament, during which he returned on the West Course at Wentworth the phenomenal score of 64 in his third round. In this round of 64 several putts finished on the very lip of the hole, so he might possibly, if they had gone in, have done a score in the fifties. However, you always find, when a man does a very good score, numerous people who declare that but for this or that he might have returned an even better. On the other hand, you seldom hear people say that a good score would have been very much worse if several long putts had not been holed or approach shots put dead.

In spite of not winning any tournaments, Cotton had the best average score of the year—72·25—in important competitions in the British Isles. He was rather fortunate to miss the *News Chronicle* tournament, which was won by R. A. Whitcombe with the —for modern times—very high score of 300. The numerous high scores in this tournament were not due to poor play but to strong winds, which at times approached gale force.

In the Open Championship Cotton was never happy, and was struggling all the time and had too much leeway to make up on the last day. In the gale on the last day he returned scores of 77 and 74, and these scores were two shots better than any other player that day. His 74 in the last round was, in my opinion, the best round played by any professional during the year and represented even better golf than his 64 at Wentworth.

I DO not think there was anyone who knows anything about the game of golf who was not delighted that, at last, one of the Whitcombes was victorious in the Open Championship. E. R. Whitcombe was beaten by Walter Hagen by the narrowest margin at Hoylake, and in 1935 at one time C. A. looked a likely winner of the Open Championship at Muirfield, which Alfred Perry finally won with a record score of 283.

In a gale the natural golfer always has an enormous advantage over the made golfer, and R. A. Whitcombe proved this by his victories at Sandwich and Brighton.

A. H. PADGHAM had a disappointing year, yet I do not think that you can with justice say he played badly; he had an average score of 74, having played in all the important tournaments except the Open Championship of Ireland, and he finished fourth in the Open Championship eight shots behind the winner. In his last round, when he had little chance of winning, he took 82, and very likely this high score was due to lack of interest when he knew he had no hope of winning. Padgham is such a good, natural golfer and has such a good temperament for the game that he is bound to win many more tournaments. In a previous article I recorded Alfred Perry's performances; he won more important tournaments in 1938 than any other professional golfer.

This England . . .

Iron Tors—Dovedale

WHETHER you love England as sweetheart or as wife—snatching brief hours of wooing from your city toil, or daily serving her moods in yeoman patience—it is the earth itself and not the name that holds your heart. The Englishman is no aggressive patriot; some quiet corner of his land means more to him than flags. And so in times of peace this love of soil is only heard in minor forms of speech. "English new-laid, southdown, home-grown . . ." these are his words of final excellence. And what of "home-brewed" that is no more at hand? That, too, he would not lose and has preserved in its most comely form—our Worthington, straight from the soil . . . a marriage of English excellence with homely craft.

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Carry Me Back *(Cont. from page 60)*

so much. The little rooms over the drug-store had been hot and stuffy, crowded with mission furniture ; his parents had been mild, harmless people, content with what life offered ; the town was just an average sort of place. Yet, once away from it, he always thought of it as being different from any other place in the world. He forgot about the rooms over the drug-store and remembered only how the Mitchell place, or the Harboard house, looked on summer evenings after a shower. He remembered the way the sidewalks smelled after they had been sprinkled ; the haze of Indian summers ; the cool scent of sliced cucumbers ; the strange, clean, emancipated feeling of Sunday afternoon ; the crowd of boys he went with and the good times they had. Being an articulate man, he spoke about these things, and as they were so nearly the things other people remembered, he found a delighted audience wherever he went. It was wonderful to see him leaning against a bar in his carefully correct clothes, talking about his memories of Peru. Not that he ever mentioned Peru by name at first. He called it " my home town " in a voice that caught at the hearts of his listeners. Later he discovered that the name " Peru, Missouri," had a homy, comical sound. It seemed excruciatingly funny that anyone should come from a place called Peru, Missouri. He put it on the map.

In New York he got a job as a radio announcer, and in no time at all the company that employed him discovered that he had a way of making his personality felt even when he was handing out cold, hard facts about shaving-cream. They talked things over with the shaving-cream people, with the result that the two black-face comedians were released at the end of their contract and Eddie took over the programme twice a week. He was given a free hand, and his success was immediate. He did things :

" How-dy, Neighbour ! "

he brought the excitement of New York life to town- and country-dwellers, and he brought a bit of Peru, Missouri, to his acquaintances in New York. Yet in the way he lived and the way he dressed he was urbane. His apartment, on the sixteenth floor of a building in the East Sixties, was as impersonal as a suite in an hotel. His clothes were sensational, and two months before he died he was listed as one of the ten best-dressed men in America. He became quite a gourmet and sat around splitting hairs with other gourmets. And he acquired a lot of what would have been called notions in another person. For instance, he claimed he had to write his programmes between two and four in the morning, clad only in chartreuse silk pyjamas, while he sipped a certain brand of mineral water poured over shaved ice ; he affected evening clothes of hunter's green and had his shoes made to order ; he had a collection of bill-folds made of every known kind of leather ; he never was seen on the street until after dark. Interviewers had written stories about him for every good magazine and paper in the country. His public read the stories, looked at the picture of Eddie in top-hat and tails alighting from a taxi in front of the Stork Club, and were proud that one of their number was showing the folks in New York a thing or two. Let him buy his dog a turquoise-studded collar ; he 'd get tired of all that and come home some day. Why, you only had to hear him open his programme with that " How-dy, Neighbour ! " to know that he 'd come home some day.

He bought the Mitchell house so early in his career that it never occurred to anyone that he hadn't always owned it. Of course, the people back in Peru knew all about it, but the old guard like the Mitchells, the Harboards and the Driscolls had all died off or moved away, and the new crowd were proud to have Peru mentioned twice a week on a coast-to-coast broadcast. Eddie's parents had been dead almost fifteen years, and if he wanted to dress up the old folks a little when he spoke of them—well, that was all right, too. Didn't he send a yearly cheque for the support of the hospital ? Didn't he buy a home there ? That showed where he stood in regard to Peru.

One night after his broadcast, which had been filled with particularly moving reminiscences, the young man at the controls had waited to speak to him. " Gee, Eddie," he said, " you sure got me to-night. Why don't you go home for a while ? "

Eddie Evans tapped a cigarette deliberately on the flat surface of his platinum case.

(Concluded on page iv)

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

My recent references in the BYSTANDER to the views expressed by Mr. Cecil Kimber on the subject of a British Grand Prix team at the M.G. Company's luncheon to celebrate Major Gardner's records have called forth from Mr. Kimber the following explanation:

Actually I am all for it, but under the present conditions I cannot see any practical means of obtaining it without a very large subsidy from the Government or some extremely wealthy philanthropist. It has long ceased being a competition between one motor firm in one country and another motor firm in another country, and there is no motor manufacturing concern in the British Isles that could to-day justify to their shareholders the expenditure that the formation of such a Grand Prix team would entail.

Assuming, therefore, that it has become a matter of national prestige, I suggest that the retaining of the air, land and water speed records by this country would enhance our prestige in the eyes of the world just as well, if not better, than running a successful team of Grand Prix cars, for the simple reason that the world's Press give far more publicity to world's records than they do to Grand Prix races wherever they are held.

The practical side has also to be considered, and assuming that the necessary finance was forthcoming to build a British team of Grand Prix machines, it would take several years for these to come into being and obtain any sort of dominant superiority. In fact, in view of the present high pitch of efficiency to which these Grand Prix machines have been brought, it is doubtful whether any new team could hope for much success during its first season's racing, and during that period any failure to win, and to win convincingly, would be worse than abstaining altogether.

There certainly is something to be said for these arguments, but to me they assume rather the posture of a defeatist attitude. Remembering how promptly the motor industry got the Government to take steps to enable a stop to be put to the dumping on these shores of undersold foreign cars, subsidised by a foreign Government, I am persuaded that if sufficient pressure were brought to bear upon the Government by the leaders of the motor industry something could be done about a subsidy for a Grand Prix team—*if the leaders of the motor industry themselves really wanted it.*

Hearty congratulations to the Wolseley Company and to H. E. Symons and H. B. Browning on their record Sahara crossing of 2266 miles in just over three days. The specially equipped 18-h.p. Wolseley ran absolutely faultlessly under exacting conditions, and to judge from a communiqué received from Symons the adventurers encountered some interesting and amusing experiences.

It was a relief, says Mr. Symons, to get on to smooth roads, well-signposted, on leaving the French Niger colony for Nigeria proper. Everywhere there were signs of civilisation, with telegraph-poles, direction-posts, and well-built dwellings. Kano was reached in three days four hours, after leaving Algiers, which sets up a new record for the crossing of the world's greatest desert, and that on an ordinary family-type British saloon car.

I have nothing but praise for the comfort and performance of the Humber "Super-Snipe." This is indeed a most distinguished newcomer among the best of British cars. The "Super-Snipe" is so instantly responsive that it seems almost to have a mind of its own and to foresense our line of action in every driving emergency. The confidence imparted to the man at the wheel by this responsiveness must lead to greater safety.

The "Super-Snipe's" bodywork is not only elegant in the extreme and appropriately comfortable, but—practical. Here are no senseless frills, incorporated to the exclusion of more necessary items because they catch the eye. Honest-to-goodness logic and a nice degree of craftsmanship have combined to make these bodies exactly "right" in every detail but one. The one omission is the silencing of wind-noise. It is a pity that the external shape cannot be modified slightly to abate this irritation.

I found the road-holding extraordinarily good, even when cornering fast on a wet surface, thanks largely to the independently-sprung front wheels. The hydraulic brakes are perfect and add yet more to the feeling of confidence which I have mentioned; but I found the position of the hand-brake lever rather far forward on the right-hand side. I should have preferred to find it placed to the driver's left hand, flat along the floor between the front seats.

Finally, a word about actual performance. Those who are used to driving American cars will find in the Humber "Super-Snipe" all the top-gear flexibility to which they have lazily become accustomed, plus dignified and practical coachwork. The car is untiring in itself and to the driver, and in saloon form at £385 or as a sports saloon at £430 it comprises a degree of value for money in which everyone interested in the prestige of Great Britain's motor industry may well take pride.

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PIOA

Carry Me Back *(Cont. from page 72)*

"Thanks, son," he answered. "You must have been reading my mind. Yes, sir, there 's nothing I 'd like better than to go home, put on an old pair of pants, and go fishing with a gang of kids."

He stared ahead, and a summer day and a brook were mirrored in his eyes. He seemed to come out of his dream and shook himself quickly. "Can't be done," he said. And patting the young man on the back, he hurried from the studio.

"Can you beat that?" the young man asked his mother later. "Here 's a guy has everything and can't take time off to go home!"

It was shortly after that that the town of Peru began to make preparations for its seventy-fifth anniversary. It was to be a big occasion: bunting on every building the entire length of Hollywood Avenue; twenty floats depicting the high spots of Missouri history; ten bands; a delegation from the American Legion; a speech by the Governor; a visit from a child star who had made a name for herself by playing the marimba and tap-dancing at the same time; and a prize for the healthiest pair of twins in the State. Naturally, the first person to be asked was Eddie. He was to have a place in the grandstand between the Governor and the Mayor, and, later, at the Lions Club dinner, he was to make one of his inimitable speeches.

The day he received the long, elaborately engraved invitation was, he said, the happiest of his life. He carried the invitation around with him all day, and on his programme that night he spoke of it at length. "How-dy, Neighbour!" he began as usual. "Well, in a few short weeks I 'll be in the old home town, lying in the hammock on my front porch, with my shoes off, and a long, cold drink in my hand. Now, I 'm not going to tell you what 'll be in that long, cold drink, because I don't want to get in wrong with the ladies, God bless 'em! Now, I just want to read you the invite I got to-day from one of the finest men who ever walked in shoe-leather."

As he read it, his voice broke a little. "Now, how 's that for about as great an honour as a man could have? I tell you, I 'd rather have gotten that letter you 've just heard than a bid from any king in Europe. Not but some of them aren't fine fellows too. No offence to them. But I was showing this letter to Bill Baum to-day—you 've all heard me speak of Bill, the fellow whose show, *Take It Away*, is packing 'em in on Forty-fifth Street. . . ."

It was not until he was back in his own apartment and had settled down in his chartreuse silk pyjamas that he began to feel nervous about returning. It had been a long time since he last saw Peru—almost thirty years. He got the album with the pictures of his house from the shelf and sat slowly turning the pages. Why, sure, there was the parlour with the rosewood sofa upholstered in horsehair, the black marble-and-gilt clock, the cabinet with the crewel embroidery set in the doors, the fern on its stand by the window. But wait! What was in the corner to the left of the window? He searched the photographs carefully, but not one of them showed that corner. It remained an unknown place. He went through the rest of the pictures and found that in every room there was some spot, some small area, not shown in them.

He wondered if, on his return, he would move awkwardly and strangely about the house, opening the wrong doors, stumbling, perhaps, over an unexpected step. He closed his eyes and tried to visualise the house as he remembered it, but all that came to him was a blurred image of green lawns, large, handsome trees, and a pleasant, wide porch. In imagination he tried opening the front door, but it remained forbiddingly shut. Even staring at the picture of the hall did not help. The form was there, but the colours and scent escaped him. Instead, the memory of his own room, where he had slept as a boy, took hold of his senses: the pattern of the sunshine on a worn rug, a creak of springs from a brass bed, a smell of drugs and baking, the bright gleam of a Welsbach burner.

He sat until daylight, the ice melting in his drink of special mineral water, while the home town he had created slowly vanished. When he finally crawled into bed, his head was throbbing and he was thirsty.

After his death, the arrangements for his funeral were put in the hands of a brisk, conscientious young man at the broadcasting company, who looked up the details of his birth. When the facts were assembled, it seemed to Eddie's friends that he would have wanted to be buried from the house in which he was born. Bill Baum put in the final word. "It 's what he would want," he said. "He was a simple sort of guy. Just a hick at heart."

So Eddie Evans lay in state in a room above the drug-store, surrounded by flowers sent by people from every part of the country. The family who lived in the flat were only too glad to turn the place over for the funeral, and the broadcasting company had a bronze plaque made, to mark the house for future generations. Nobody went near the Mitchell place on the hill, but pictures of the drug-store appeared in every paper in the United States. It proved once more that in America a poor boy could make good.

A slight breeze sprang up as they laid Eddie Evans to rest, and the old Mitchell house seemed to settle and relax, no longer politely waiting for a stranger.

This story, with others by Sally Benson, will shortly be appearing in a volume entitled "Love Thy Neighbour," published by Constable and Co., Ltd.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

The Yearly Challenge Cup and replica awarded to the player who has won the greatest number of spoons in the year has been won for 1938 by Mrs. Uber, of Cuddington, with three spoons, after a tie with Miss Z. Bonner Davis, of Sidcup and Mrs. D. M. Hancock, of Worksop. Mrs. Uber's total was 9 below scratch score, both of the other players being 1 below.

December Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. R. D. Nicolson	Barrackpore	87	18	69	73	4 below
Mrs. H. McDonald	Hamilton, New Zealand	76	6	70	72	2 ,,
Mrs. Hutchinson	Aldeburgh	89	16	73	75	2 ,,
Miss M. Dixon	Cleveland	82	8	74	74	All square
Mrs. H. S. Uber	Cuddington	86	10	76	76	,, ,,
Mrs. Ambrose	Camberley Heath	86	13	73	73	,, ,,
Mrs. Dunning	Burnham Beeches	90	16	74	74	,, ,,
Mrs. Skidmore	Ringway	78	5	73	72	1 above
Miss E. Brown	Cuddington	85	8	77	76	1 above
Mrs. R. T. Phipps	Northamptonshire	82	4	78	76	2 ,,
Miss Lattey	Addington	87	10	77	75	2 ,,
Mrs. Riesco	Addington	88	10	78	75	3 ,,
Mrs. Russell	Grange Park	93	15	78	74	4 ,,
Mrs. M. Rowsell	Dulwich and Sydenham	96	17	79	75	4 ,,
Mrs. E. Turner	Northampton	93	13	80	74	6 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss K. Hall	Leek	94	35	59	73	14 below
Mrs. J. Gamble	Hamilton, New Zealand	98	35	63	72	9 ,,
Mrs. E. F. Bandy	Holtye	88	24	64	70	6 ,,
Mrs. L. W. Finch	Cuddington	103	33	70	76	6 ,,
Mrs. H. Williamson	Keppel	93	28	65	70	5 ,,
Miss K. Jones	Incorporated W. Herts.	102	32	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Heggarty	Sale	100	29	71	73	2 ,,
Miss Eastwood	North Hants	101	30	71	73	2 ,,
Mrs. Rooke	Sale	103	32	71	73	2 ,,
Mrs. Stewart	North Hants	92	20	72	73	1 ,,
Mrs. Whetham	North Hants	94	19	75	73	2 above
Miss Hebblethwaite	North Hants	94	19	75	73	2 ,,
Mrs. F. J. Whiting	Beverley	95	19	76	73	3 ,,
Mrs. B. Johns	Bloxwich	100	19	81	74	7 ,,
Mrs. B. Royce	Sherwood Forest	116	33	83	74	9 ,,

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JANUARY

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Address .....

.....

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N.C.C.458A

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Yevonde

Joyce Mercy Knight

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rennie Knight, of Ryburne House, Colne, Wilts.; she is to marry Austin James Maddox, youngest son of the late Rev. J. Mortimer Maddox and Mrs. Maddox, of Kirkholme, Whitefield, Manchester

Lenare

Lorna Althea Ravenhill

Is the only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. M. H. Ravenhill, of Playdon Cottage, Rye, Sussex; she is engaged to Geoffrey Christopher Appleby Holt, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Appleby Holt, of Brede Place, Rye, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Patience English

Cecily Patience English, of 4, Ashburn Gardens, S.W.7, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. R. English, of Khami, Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, is engaged to Rupert Ivor Kinross, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kinross, of 3, De Vere Gdns., W.8

Diana Emory Chu

Is the youngest daughter Mr. and Mrs. Emory Ch of Marchmount, Chorley W Herts., and is engaged Richard Bawden Stutta elder son of the Hon. R and Mrs. Stuttaford, Cape Town, South A

Lenare

Patricia Purser

Is the younger daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Arthur Purser, of 9, Ashley Place, S.W.1; she is to marry Charles John Hope, younger son of the late R. C. Hope, F.S.A., and Mrs. Hope, of 3, The Grove, Sunderland

Navana

Nancy Trevelyan King

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. King, of Abbots Leigh, Teignmouth, and is to marry Lt.-Comdr. P. N. Churchill, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. B. N. Churchill, of Craig Cottage, Camberley

Kay Vaughan

Diana Davenport

Is the only daughter of Capt. R. T. Hinckes, of Foxley, Hereford, and Mrs. Hinckes, and is engaged to John Saleby, of 2, Hare Court, Temple, only son of the Rev. E. S. and the late Mrs. Saleby, of Leonard Stanley Vicarage, Glos.

Jane Garton

Alison Moya (Jane) Garton, d of Major and Mrs. Archie Ga Manor House, Pylle, Somerset, married next April in Som Derek L. R. Meyer, son of Rollo and Mrs. Meyer, of End, Little Gaddesden.

Yevonde

Laura Lamb

Laura Elizabeth Courtenay Lamb, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lamb, of Bodrigan, Bowdon, Cheshire, is engaged to Donald Gresham Stokes, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stokes, of Rock Towers, Looe, Cornwall

Lenare

Elizabeth Dalglish

Is the elder twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dalglish, of St. George's Wood, Haslemere, Surrey; her fiancé is Douglas Burns Drysdale, son of the late P. Drysdale and Mrs. Drysdale, of Firway Cottage, Grayshott, Hants.

Bassano

Doris Craven-Ellis

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Craven-Ellis, of 21, Portland Place, W.1, and Round Hill, Bramshaw, Hants.; her fiancé is Colin Bruce Campbell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, of 88, Portland Place, W.1

Beryl Carter

Beryl Agnes Margaret Carter, d of the late Paymaster Lt.-Comma H. Carter, and Mrs. E. W. H. Ja of 47, Whitwell Road, Southsea, gaged to Lt. L. J. Hillary Gamble, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. K. G of Honey Hill, Haslemere,

Barmby — Strange

James Barmby and Mary Joy Strange, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Strange, of 50, Hans Place, S.W.1, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. He is in the Nigerian Administrative Service, and is the only son of the late F. J. Barmby, and Mrs. Barmby, of 3, Frenchay Road, Oxford

Dunsterville — Larken

Hugh Graham Evelyn Dunsterville, of the Manor House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset, and Anne Larken, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Edmund Larken, of the Old Rectory, Lincoln, were married in Lincoln Cathedral by the bride's uncle, Canon H. Larken, Sub-Dean of Lincoln

Newte — Sanguinetti

William Michael Newte, son of the late Harold C. Newte, and Mrs. Newte, of Richmond, Surrey, and Ruth Margaret Sanguinetti, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. She is the youngest daughter of Dr. Harold H. Sanguinetti, of 35, Holland Street, W.8, and the late Mrs. Sanguinetti

Jonas — Oldfield

Lt.-Com. Ronald M. P. Jonas, R.N., son of the late Arthur C. Jonas, and Mrs. Jonas, of Avonside, Fordingbridge, Hants., and Doreen Scott Oldfield, only daughter of Major F. B. Oldfield, and the late Mrs. Oldfield, of Whitsbury Cross, Fordingbridge, were married at Laverstock Church, near Salisbury

Burrows — Vaizey

Henry Montagu Burrows, of Bindons, Lewes, Sussex, elder son of the late Rev. Montagu and Mrs. Burrows, and Harriet Elizabeth Vaizey, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Russell Vaizey, of Star Stile, Halstead, Essex, were married at St. Clement Danes, Strand

St. John — Skinn

Lieut. Oliver John F. L. St. John, R.N., of H.M.S. Forth, now building in Glasgow, son of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Rowland and Mrs. St. John, and Elva Rosemary Skinn, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Skinn, of Hong Kong, were married at Kew Parish Church, Surrey

Burn — Wynn Thomas

Andrew Robert Burn, of Redgate, Uppingham, only son of the late Dean of Salisbury, and Mrs. Burn, of Oak Knott, Beaconsfield, married Mary Wynn Thomas, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Thomas, of 3, Temple Gardens, E.C.4, at St. Clement Danes, Strand

Painter — Kemp

Capt. Richard Harold Arnaud Painter, Essex Regt., only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. E. Painter, of Pendine, Epsom, Surrey, and Peggy Kemp, daughter of the late Capt. R. H. Kemp, and Mrs. Kemp, of 43, Castelnau, Barnes, S.W., and granddaughter of the late Col. Sir Kenneth Kemp, were married at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

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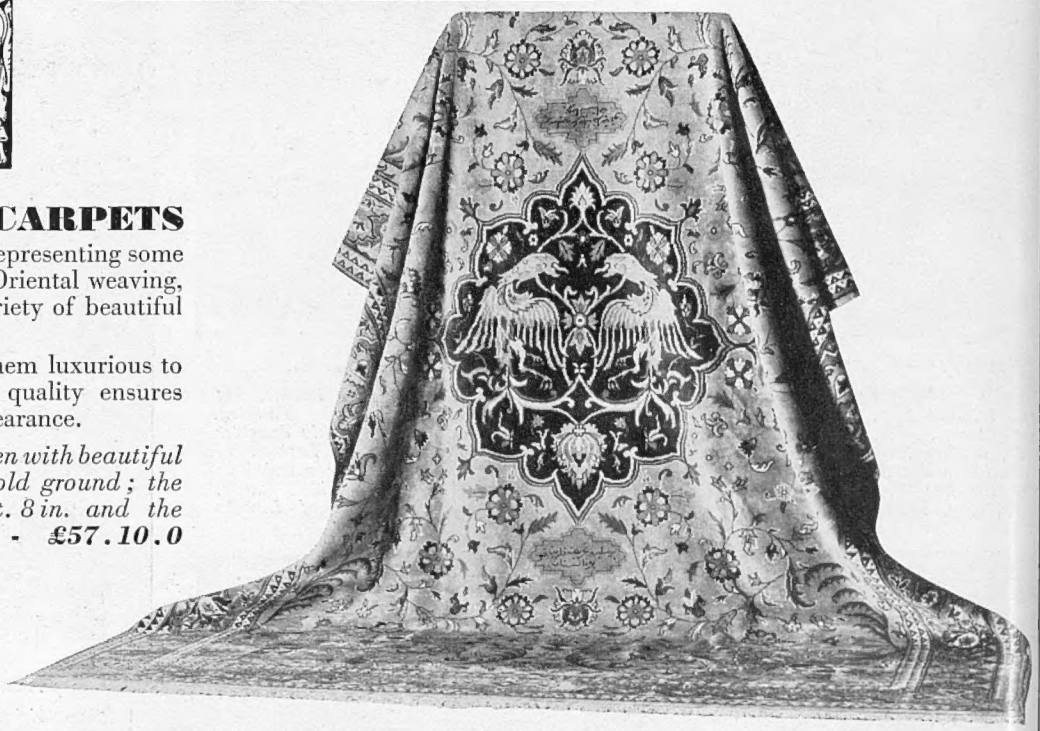

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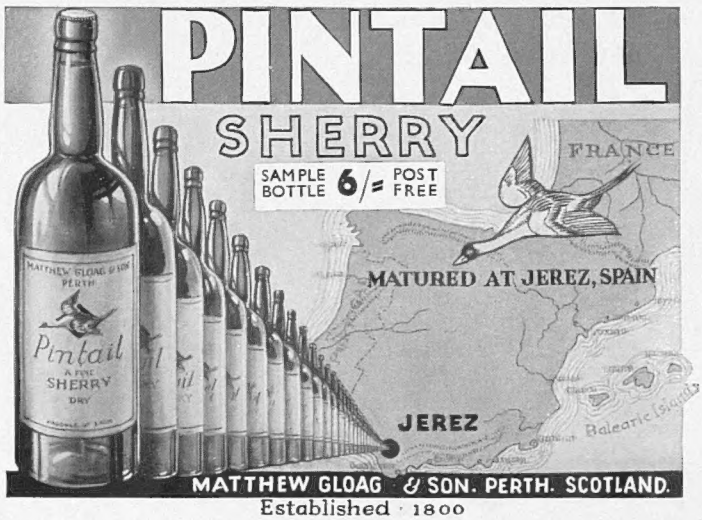

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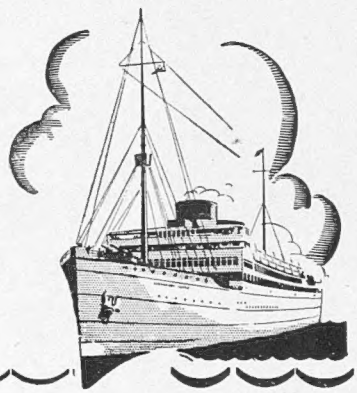

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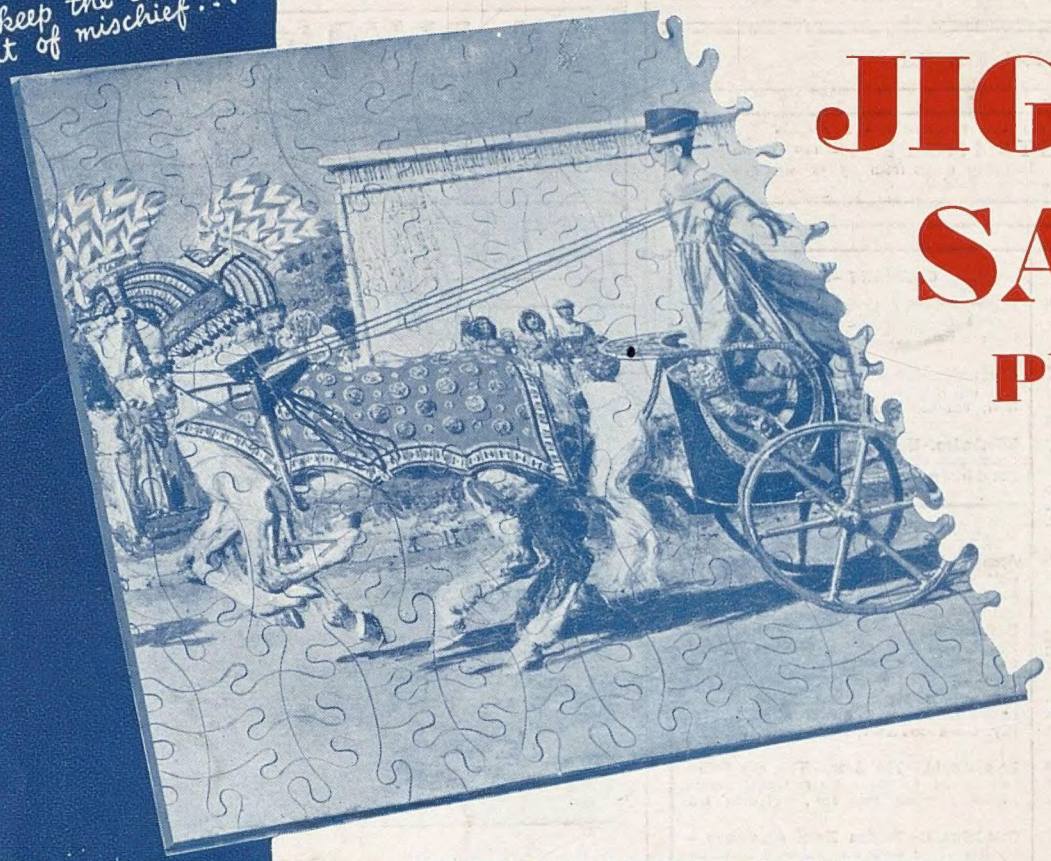

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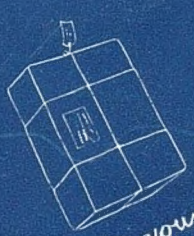

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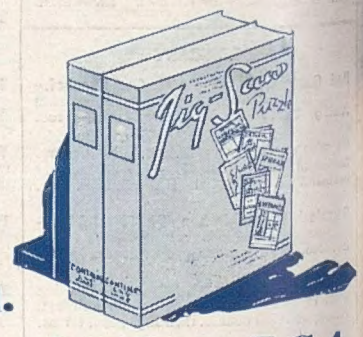

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